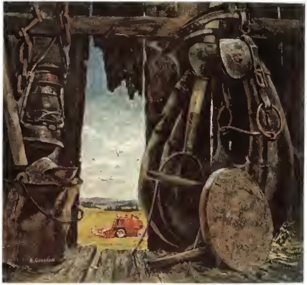
WHAT U.S. TOURISTS DON'T LIKE ABOUT CANADA

MACLEAN'S

MAY 28 1955 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



You can't throw away a memory

The man driving the combine out there in the field got rid of his last team of horses many years ago The horse-collar and the harness lay around the barn, collecting dust and mould But for some reason he could never throw them out

It was the same way with the milking stool, the lantern, and the pitchfork They all brought back memories—of hard times to be sure, but times that could never be forgotten So the farmer who owned them left these relics of the past in a corner of the old barn

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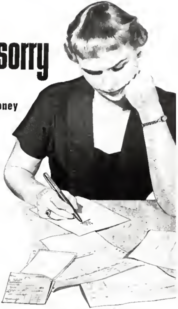

Like most people, you probably find it hard enough to make ends meet, even with your present income. How would your family get along without it?

How much protection should they really have if you were not here to pay the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the landlord and the dozens of bills for food, light, heat and clothing? How would your wife look after that precious family of yours for another ten years? ... another fifteen years?

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Your future is our business to-day!

Talk it over with your wife today then mail this coupon without delay!

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MACLEAN'S
MAY 28 1955 VOLUME 68 NUMBER 11
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

WANTED: a Salk approach to old people's problems

WHETHER or not the successful testing of the Salk polio vaccine was the most important medical news of the century, it was easily the most exciting. We doubt that even the inevitable cure for cancer, which threatens the whole population, will cause as much rejoicing as did the near preventive for polio, which threatens less than a fifth of the population in any substantial degree. This is right and natural: a healthy child is still the loveliest sight on earth and a sick child is the most tragic.

But the joy that greeted this great victory on behalf of our young people threw into sharp relief a different kind of attitude: the resignation with which we accept the defeats of our old people.

We use the word resignation, not the word apathy. In statistical and material terms Western society, and Canada especially, cannot be accused of being callous or indifferent toward the growing needs of its older citizens. This country alone is spending hundreds of millions of dollars a year on state pensions for the aged. Most large firms and many small ones contribute generously to separate retirement funds for their employees. For those who through sickness or other causes still cannot take care of themselves in their later years, charity is available, and almost always on terms that need deprive the recipient of none of his dignity or self respect.

But in spite of this everyone knows that being old without substantial private resources is almost sure to be a bleak and unhappy experience. Everyone regrets this. No one is apathetic about it, for most of us are going to be old sooner or later ourselves. But most of us are resigned to it; we've thrown up our hands and said, in effect: "We'd like to do better, but how much better can we do without either wrecking our whole economy or slowing it to a walk?"

In this magazine's opinion there is one new thing we could do and soon must do to help the aged. We could bring to bear on their problems the same human genius, the same dogged perseverance, the same patience and devotion, the same fine sense of adventure and discovery that gave the world a vaccine for polio. We could probably do this without spending a single extra dollar and in the long run we might even save some dollars.

The Salk vaccine was not the product of one man's inspired impulse. Equate it with the long history of medical research and it was the product of a million men and women, working in a thousand directions for a hundred years. Even in the final phases Dr. Salk and his immediate associates spent years trying hundreds of experiments they were almost certain would not work until at last they found the complicated, winding chain of experiments that did work.

If social research could even begin to match the imagination and determination of medical research it might very well begin to meet, rather than merely to sidestep, such mighty challenges as we have been discussing here.

How much real original thought has been given in the last fifty years to the vexed question of the means test versus the universal pension? Almost none. We threw out the means test because it was "degrading." The "solution" is to give forty dollars a month to all old people whether they need it or not; as a result those who really need the pension don't get enough. Pensions administrators have been insisting for generations that there is no other alternative.

How much original thought has been given to the problem of the healthy, active wage earner who is required to retire at sixty five? How much original thought to the wage earner who could work part time, with profit to himself, his employer and the national economy, for many years after he is unable to work full time?

How much thought to that tragic figure, the unemployed man of fifty five or sixty who can't find a job at any price because he has become a mere actuarial statistic in the brave new world of group insurance and company retirement plans?

We don't profess to have any of these solutions. But we cannot believe the race that learned how to prevent the physical crippling of its young is incapable of preventing the economic and social crippling of its old. It's time we put our brains to work on the job: our best brains, our freshest brains and our most stubborn brains.

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481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

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MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED HORACE T. HUNTER Chairman of the Board FLOYD S. CHALMERS President DONALD F. HUNTER Vice-President and Managing Director THOMAS H. HOWSE Vice-President and Comptroller. Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices: 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. Publishing Office: 1242 Peel Street, Montreal 2, Canada. U.S.A.: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 522 Fifth Ave., New York 36; 309 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6. GREAT BRITAIN: Maclean-Hunter Limited, 125 Strand, London W.C.2. Single copies 15c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year $3.00, 2 years $5.00, 3 years $7.00, 5 years $10.00. All other countries $4.50 per year. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

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CHEMICALS BASIC TO CANADIAN LIVING

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STOPS BAD BREATH *EFFECTIVELY!*

LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*

Among the Saints and Sinners

THERE IS a club in London called the Saints and Sinners. It was started by a few newspapermen, music hall comedians and bookmakers. The idea was to hold lunches at irregular intervals and, at Christmas, raise funds for charity.

The lunches were held in a sort of smugglers' room of the Albany Club which is much frequented by gentlemen who make books at race meetings and shout the odds to the innocents. There were invited speakers at the luncheons but heaven help them if they were pompous and dull. No one was safe with that crowd.

Unhappily the club prospered and it became rather a smart thing to attend the monthly luncheon when guests were permitted and oratory flowered from the head table. Cabinet ministers, famous barristers and peers turned up as guests. Even Douglas Fairbanks who is a knight but cannot call himself "Sir" unless he renounces his American citizenship, lent his social glory to the club from time to time. For some reason the club elected me a member—but we shall let that pass.

Then, through some rearrangement, the Albany Club could no longer house us. I forget the reason but it is of no matter. So we moved to the Dorchester in Park Lane but in the transition lost something of our character. The comedians and the turf accountants seemed to fade away and, instead, the Saints and Sinners became a gathering of important men plus a certain number who looked more important than they were.

Each year we have an annual dinner to which guests are invited. This year the chairman of the club was Arthur Christiansen, editor of the Daily Express, and so many were the guests that we took the big banqueting room of the Dorchester.

Understandably the comedians were not there because they were performing at the theatres. As a matter of fact there were peers, baronets, civil servants, editors, novelists and politicians. It could hardly have been more respectable if we had invited the House of Lords en masse.

In response to the card of invitation all of us wore dinner jackets—all but one. The solitary exception was the Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan. That night he was in a lounge suit, even as when he was a cabinet minister he wore a similar costume when dining at Buckingham Palace.

He is quite logical about it. "You wear your livery as a Tory," he once said to me, "and I wear my livery as a socialist."

My job at the dinner was to propose the health of the guests but I must confess to being somewhat pleased that Bevan was not on the list of the speakers.

As luck would have it the first speech of the night was by the Rt. Hon. Sir Hartley Shawcross, QC, Attorney-General in the Labor Government from 1945 to 1951 and probably the highest-paid barrister in Britain.

Sir Hartley Shawcross used his rapier on Nye Bevan. The Welshman hit back with a bludgeon.

It is necessary to my tale that I should tell you a little about Sir Hartley. As a boy at a public school (and in England the public school means the private school) he became a socialist. He was destined for the Bar and after he had passed his law exams he joined Sir David Maxwell Fyfe (now Lord Kilmuir and the present Tory Lord Chancellor) in Liverpool.

Maxwell Fyfe had married an adorable creature named Sylvia Harrison who had a somewhat feckless attractive brother named Rex who was determined to go on the stage. Today, of course, he is a great star.

I have a suspicion that Sylvia was not very enthusiastic about the debonair young Hartley Shawcross who had joined her husband. No one

Continued on page 71

Watch the Cheek-to-Cheek Test every week on the Jackie Gleason TV Show. See why more men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make.

Borrow your girl's cheek to feel how close a Schick electric can shave

Cheek-to-Cheek Test proves there's no stubborn stubble left—even after your very first Schick Shave

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Go ahead. Let her rub up *against* the grain. It's as smooth—well as smooth as hers. And here's why.

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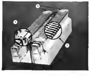

Canadian Achievement..

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Every day millions of newspapers are sold in cities around the world — people everywhere read the news printed on paper manufactured in Canada

This export to other countries is one of Canada's most valuable sources of income Besides newsprint, the forests of Canada make it possible for mills to manufacture some eight hundred other kinds of paper Another Canadian achievement appreciated the world over!

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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE
At Ottawa

Only a return visit by King's ghost could solve some Memoir puzzles

Should They Censor the King Papers?

FIVE YEARS ago this spring when William Lyon Mackenzie King moved out to his summer home at Kingsmere for the last time he was still talking hopefully about getting down to work on his memoirs the monumental autobiography which would sum up half a century of public service

Mr King died that summer his great work of recollection hardly begun It is now obvious that to finish it he would have had to live well into his eighties and retain full health and vigor to the end of his life

To call the King memoirs a man-sized job is an understatement They have already provided full-time employment for two men official biographer R MacGregor Dawson and literary executor Fred A McGregor ever since 1951 about half a dozen others have provided occasional assistance sometimes for months at a stretch. As a result of all this team work it now appears possible that the first of two massive volumes may be ready for publication in 1957 When the whole book will be completed is anybody's guess

EVEN TO GO through the King papers and sort them out was a task of some magnitude

Mackenzie King seems to have had the instincts of a squirrel He never threw anything away Christmas cards, telegrams of congratulation on long-forgotten occasions, seating plans for long-forgotten dinners menus and dance programs from long-forgotten balls he kept them all There were at least two hundred thousand of these trivia among the heap that confronted his biographer

After these were thrown away there remained no less than a million and a half pages of miscellaneous material to be examined correspondence memoranda clippings and what not That was in addition of course to the volumes of Hansard that record his thirty three years in parliament

On top of all that was the unique record of his daily life and thoughts from 1893 when he was a student at the University of Toronto until his death in 1950 the Mackenzie King diaries

For the first forty-two years up to 1935 when King returned to office after five years in Opposition the diaries fill exactly one volume per year For the last fifteen years of his life the record is more extensive, especially of course, through the period of World War II, so that there are almost as many loose-leaf books on this last fifteen years as there are bound journals on the first forty-two. But this doesn't mean that the later period is harder to cover

UNTIL 1935 KING wrote every word of his diary in his own tiny, cramped almost illegible handwriting Back in the 1890s when he was a relatively unselfconscious student, he could jot down three or four days' doings on a single page As Prime Minister or Leader of the Opposition though he had much more to say

He limited himself to one page a day but the page grew more and more tightly crammed First he wrote in a smaller and smaller hand, until the bottom of the page became almost microscopic Then he started over again at the top of the page, writing between the lines. He wrote sideways in the margins at both sides. On

Continued on page 61

FIR PLYWOOD:
a look at modern urban living

Outdoors as well as in Douglas fir plywood can take abuse Here soft grained beauty of the plywood interior wall is extended to the patio No fear of weather damage because all fir plywood is bonded with 100 percent waterproof glue The rugged woodbox will stand up to repeated poundings.

Fir plywood is used in every modern room and every built-in of this colorful, urban home Both the wide shelf back of the foam-cushioned lounge seat and the spacious bookshelves have a rubbed-down oil paint finish Note the warm, subdued grain of the wall panels Shelf edges are left uncovered, filled, sanded and rubbed-down so that veneer edges show dark and distinctive

Dining room cabinets are custom built and finished in color to contrast with soft natural-looking Douglas fir plywood walls Red rubbed-down lower cabinets and the flat-painted cupboards over the kitchen pass through have edges covered by thin white molding for accent Fir plywood doors ¼ inch thick on upper cabinets slide in grooves cut in cupboard shelves

Here in the living area as in all rooms a gap has been left between fir plywood wall panels to expose studs prepainted in solid colors for strong vertical accent Radio and unusual lantern are built into geometric bookshelves which stand out against warm color tones and soft grain pattern of the Douglas fir plywood walls

Kitchen cabinets match the dining room in color and design Details such as compartmentalized drawers and large, easily cleaned surfaces help make fir plywood storage space the economical answer to kitchen tidiness

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

REVOLVING SHELF REFRIGERATORS

Look for these additional features in the new G-E Refrigerators:

Roto-Cold Refrigeration ... G-E "Frost-Limiter" automatic defrosting ... new interior colour styling in soft yellow and grey blue ... Freezer Compartment ... new Mini-Cube Ice Trays ... handy Stor-a-Door Shelves ... Roomy vegetable Crisper Drawers ... Chiller Tray ... Butter Conditioner ... Ice Cream Rack ... Juice Can Dispenser ... and many more!

All models features the famous G-E "Sealed In" Refrigerating Unit. G-E quality engineering and dependability, are backed by the unsurpassed G-E Five Year Protection Plan.

See your G-E dealer today for the exact Refrigerator to fit your household and budget requirements.

2 GREAT APPLIANCES IN 1!

Luxurious new G-E Two-Door Combination combines true zero degree Food Freezer with completely automatic defrosting Refrigerator. Refrigerator and Food Freezer compartments are separately insulated, separately refrigerated. Includes all great G-E features, Model No. LH-12M

More shelf room than ever before! No hard-to-reach corners!

When you want a jar from the rear of the refrigerator you don't have to reach like this. Instead ...

Simply turn the shelf and that hidden jar rides to the front. You pick it up without overturning any foods.

To put in a large turkey, you don't have to remove all the foods and rearrange the shelves. Instead ...

Press the button, revolve shelf and presto! The turkey fits. Shelves can be raised or lowered, even when loaded.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

This is a Catholic separate school in Ontario — the Our Lady Primary in Ottawa. It gets much less in taxes than similar public schools.

This is a Protestant separate school in Quebec — Montreal's Van Horne Primary. It gets more money than comparable public schools.

The Grave Inequalities in our Separate Schools

Many Canadians think the division of schools on religious grounds should be stamped out. Yet the law guarantees this freedom in five provinces. Paradoxically, only Quebec gives its separate schools a fair share of school taxes. The national result is that two hundred thousand of our children are getting a second-class education in third-rate schoolrooms

BY BLAIR FRASER

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV

NEARLY two hundred thousand Canadian children are starting life with a handicap. They're going to schools that are below the normal Canadian standard in every advantage money can buy: schools that can't afford fully qualified teachers or decent school buildings or any of the special courses and extras that the public schools of most provinces offer. These are the Roman Catholic separate schools as they exist in more than half of all Canada.

Most Protestants and secretly a few Roman Catholics would like to see a quick cure for this evil: abolish separate schools altogether. Not only do they split the community, they vastly increase costs by unnecessary duplication and thus lower the standards of all tax-supported schools.

Most Roman Catholics on the other hand, believe a "religious atmosphere" is more important than any material advantage it may supersede, and they insist on giving their children an "integrally Catholic" schooling. Protestants often rejoin that people who want special education may pay for it over and above their school taxes. Roman Catholic children in a public school get the same religious atmosphere as everybody else and like everybody else can add their own special brand at home and in church. No public school system could teach all faiths, therefore, say the Protestants; the Roman Catholics have no right to demand special treatment that other sects forego.

But in fact this "special treatment" is guaranteed by the British North America Act in five provinces which include three quarters of Canada's population. And in all five of those provinces some Protestants as well as most Roman Catholics have taken advantage of their constitutional right to have separate schools and withdraw their children from the "religious atmosphere" — or as a Roman Catholic might say of the public schools in Protestant areas, "the irreligious atmosphere" — of the opposite and dominant faith.

Obviously therefore the immediate and practical question in Canada is not whether we shall have separate schools — which are guaranteed by law in half the provinces — but what kind of separate schools we choose to have. Except for the special case of Newfoundland, where no fewer than four sects have their own school systems and share alike the disastrous effects of this fragmentation, the separate schools of Canada fall into four main groups.

1. In Quebec, where nine out of ten people are

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN PRAY FOR US

Lionel O'Connor is principal of the Ottawa separate school shown on the previous page. He gets $3,800 a year, has a staff of seven.

To make ends meet the O'Connors keep eight boarders. Here they are waiting on table. In summer and at night O'Connor takes extra jobs.

Terry, eldest of the O'Connors' six children, works in a grocery store on week ends. Some summers his father still has to borrow money to get by.

These two men are primary-school principals. Their classrooms and the lives they lead reflect the inequalities in Canada's separate schools

Ralph Anderson is principal of the Montreal separate school shown on the previous page. His $7,200 salary is almost twice O'Connor's.

Anderson, shown here at lunch with his family, owns his own home in Notre Dame de Grace and has a summer cottage at North Hatley.

Anderson, like most of his colleagues, says the Protestant minority gets a generous deal in Quebec. But Catholic minorities elsewhere in Canada don't.

Roman Catholic and eight out of ten speak French, there is full autonomy and full equality. Dr. James Paton, secretary of the provincial association of Protestant teachers says: "We're well treated here. We get our full share of tax money; the Catholics go out of their way to be fair and even generous to us. We're only embarrassed because the Roman Catholic schools in other provinces don't get the same break." Among English-speaking provinces only Alberta and Saskatchewan come anywhere near giving Roman Catholic schools the treatment that Protestant schools get in Quebec.

2. In British Columbia, at the other extreme, Roman Catholic separate schools get not one penny of public funds except for free schoolbooks up to Grade VI. Forty-three parochial schools, mostly in the Vancouver area, teach some six thousand Roman Catholic children but are kept up wholly by parents' fees and parish contributions. Roman Catholic demands for a share of tax money have created a hot political issue in B.C., but the Roman Catholics there are a minority of only fifteen percent, smaller than in any other province, and no political party is supporting them outright. Father Austin Clinton, who runs a school on a shoestring in Guardian Angel parish, Vancouver, says: "It's too hot for them to handle."

3. In some provinces there are laws against sectarian schools and these are evaded or ignored by a "gentlemen's agreement" that the law will not be strictly enforced in predominantly Roman Catholic districts. This is the situation in the Maritimes and to some extent in rural Manitoba, especially in French-speaking communities where "public" schools are in fact Roman Catholic or sufficiently so to content the local people.

4. In some provinces Roman Catholic separate schools are financed by taxes on Roman Catholics' property, with almost no share in the corporation taxes which are often the biggest and easiest source of school tax revenue. This is the practice in Ontario and it results in a rather startling set of financial contrasts.

Ontario public schools spend $196 a year on each pupil (average daily attendance); Ontario separate schools spend $119. Separate schools handle twenty percent of the elementary-school children in Ontario but get only eleven percent of the local school tax revenue. Yet to raise that amount, little more than half as much per child, the Roman Catholic ratepayers have to charge themselves twice as high a mill rate as the public school supporters.

An easy example is Ottawa, where Protestants and Roman Catholics each make up about half the population. The mill rate for Roman Catholics is twenty-four, for public school supporters twelve. The annual expenditure for public schools runs more than three million dollars, for separate schools a million and a half.

Roman Catholic teachers suffer the full impact of these differentials. For all Ontario cities public-school teachers average $3,605 a year, separate-school teachers $1,898. In rural schools the difference is smaller because provincial grants, given on the same basis to both public and separate schools, make up a far higher fraction of the school budget. But the median salary for all Ontario public school teachers is almost exactly half as high again as for separate-school teachers: $2,655 against $1,813.

To some extent these averages are affected by Roman Catholic monks and nuns, who are able to teach for very low salaries because they live in religious institutions. Nuns in Ontario often get less than a thousand dollars a year, and the teaching brothers about fifteen hundred, and many who have taken vows of poverty turn most of this over to their orders. But this is just another grievance for the Roman Catholic lay teacher, whose salary is constantly threatened by the competition of this "cheap labor."

In Ottawa's public schools, which have approximately six hundred teachers, fifty-three men and sixty women earn five thousand dollars a year or more; the top is nearly seven thousand. In Ottawa's separate schools only three men earn in the neighborhood

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BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Many Canadians think Canada's just one big cash register for free-spending American tourists. But man for man, we spend ten times as much in the U.S. as they spend here. Who's missing the boat? A writer-traveler looks at both sides of the border and tells

Why U.S. tourists are passing up Canada

LAST YEAR Canadian tourists spent thirty-three million dollars more in the United States than American tourists spent in Canada. In other words fifteen million potential Canadian tourists spent more money in the United States than a hundred and fifty million potential American tourists spent in Canada. To put it another way, which makes it even sadder, for every dollar the average American spent in Canada, the average Canadian spent eleven bucks south of the border.

It was the third straight year that, when the tourist industry toted up the score, Canada lost. Things have changed since the days when Canadians could take pride in counting the license plates of an increasing number of American visitors. Every year, more and more Americans are either staying home or going to Mexico or abroad. Wherever they're going, they're passing up Canada.

Expenditures of U. S. travelers in Canada dropped steadily from 1948 to 1952, hit a record peak in 1953 and slid back four million dollars in 1954. In this period there's been little change for the better although populations have been going up and so has spending on other things.

Canada's travel account with all countries in 1954 was in the red by eighty million! In short, although Canada offers scenic spectacles greater than the Grand Canyon, old-world culture as picturesque as Tijuana, history as colorful as St. Augustine, cowboys as tall as the ones in Phoenix and a summer climate that southerners and most big-city Americans can only get in small doses from expensive air conditioners, and in spite of the fact that Canada's tourist industry is one of the most touted in the land, we're losing in a game in which we hold two fistsful of winning cards. We're either not selling what we have, or we're giving our customers such a bad deal that they're not coming back.

A lot of jokes have been told about American tourists arriving in July at Toronto's Union Station with skis and bear traps. The Americans don't mind because they know Canadians swarm down there thinking the country is built up solid from New York to San Diego, that all their schools are inferior and that every other big-city dweller is a torpedo. But it's beginning to look as if we should stop telling jokes and start tending to business, because the laugh, right now, is on us.

Last year I had a chance to find some of the reasons why. I came to Canada as an American tourist, the same as thousands of other Americans. I had California license plates. There was nothing to show that I'd been born and raised in Toronto except the way I said "house," but only an American would catch that. From the outside, I was just another restless Yank over for a look at this country to the north. Like thousands of Americans, I toured around during July and August. And if I come back this year it will be because I'm homesick for my native land. It won't be because of that restaurant food, those Canadian cabins, that Canadian coffee. It won't be because I want to be a tourist again in Canada. Because I found that, by and large, a tourist is a forgotten man.

In the States the tourist may be annoyed, blared at and blinked at in neon. He might even be conned. But he'll never be forgotten. He's big business. But Canadians can forget the tourist for so many miles of highway that he begins to feel lonely. He can be forgotten for whole days, by whole towns and villages and chambers of commerce. He can become lonely wandering along trying to find food and lodging before he runs out of gas and daylight.

I drove nearly three hundred miles via No. 7 and No. 15 Highways from Toronto (Queen City) to Ottawa (Showplace of the Nation) without passing more than seven motels, and I'm bending backward to include four of these, as they were actually on another route. Sure there were tourist cabins but they didn't entice me. Another time, I drove more than a hundred miles, with a dead-tired family, from Toronto to the heart of Ontario's finest fishing and resort areas through fourteen separate communities without finding a single place to stop for the night.

I arrived in the district's biggest town around eleven o'clock at night. There were two hotels. One of them was full. I took the other. The night clerk, sitting at the very hub of one of Canada's potentially biggest industries, thoughtfully picking his teeth, watched my wife, my two sleepy kids and myself lug our bags upstairs. It was a third-rate, flyblown hotel with three-quarter beds like hammocks, the kind of place old actors are found in after they turn on the gas. There was no ice water, no extra towels, no extra soap, no matches.

When I went downstairs to get some matches the night clerk was in the restaurant next door, which was closed. He was talking to the scrubwoman. I asked him if he had any matches. He said no and went on talking to the scrubwoman, who knew more about running a hotel than he did because she got up and got me some. She didn't charge for them, either. I paid nine dollars for that room, the same as I pay for a top-notch Florida motel at the height of the tourist season.

Many of the motor courts in Canada are clustered around big cities such as Toronto and Montreal. The Accommodations Directory, published by the American Automobile Association, does not list all accommodations in any one place but it usually lists a representative number. In the latest edition (again, please remember, I'm using this as a comparative figure only) there are five motels along with nine hotels and a lodge listed for Quebec City, a city of 164,000 and one of the most fascinating historical spots on the continent. In Gettysburg, Pa., a historical town of seven thousand on a secondary highway, the book lists six motels, one more than Quebec, which is about twenty-three times its size, two less than Ottawa, about thirty times its size. Brantford, Ont. (36,727) lists two. Fayetteville, N.C. (34,715), ten. Charlottetown, P.E.I. (15,887), lists two. Yuma, Ariz. (9,145), lists seven.

With the exception of summer and winter resorts like the Laurentians, it is harder to operate a first-class tourist place in, say, the three-months Georgian Bay season than in the twelve-months California season. In spite of this handicap there are motels in Canada that are among the finest in the country. But they are joyful discoveries, not something you can figure on finding. The *average* court is a gasoline age behind the U. S. In certain places where the motel idea has caught on in Canada, Americans are asked to pay as high as sixteen dollars for a double room. One motel owner explained that everything except labor in building a motel is dearer in Canada than in the U. S. He said he *had* to charge correspondingly higher prices. On the other hand, a Canadian motor-court owner tried to show me that his price of twelve dollars was in line. He pointed out in an accommodation directory that Miami courts were asking from fourteen to twenty dollars a day. He evidently did not realize that he was comparing a highway motor court designed for an overnight stop with permanent motels on the ocean in one of the world's biggest tourist centres. People stay at these Miami courts for a two-weeks' or month's vacation in the winter.

However, I do give

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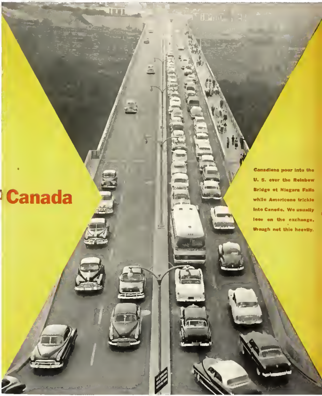

Canadians pour into the U. S. over the Rainbow Bridge at Niagara Falls while Americans trickle into Canada. We usually lose on the exchange, though not this heavily.

NOT THIS AUGUST

With all the world enslaved after this war of the future, the tortured Justin and the saintly Sparhawk struggled to reach the Underground with the secret that might still win back freedom

BY C. M. KORNBLUTH

"ANYONE ON THIS STREET in three minutes will be shot." The voice from the Russian sound truck commanded. Billy Justin and Betsy Cardew dived for cover while a Russian bullet killed a less cautious spectator.

With the arrival of MVD troops the occupation of Chungs Center, N.Y., entered its most severe phase since the capitulation of the West on April 17, 1965—that terrible day when the United States, the last nation to hold out against the combined forces of Russia and Communist China, had surrendered at Edmonton.

Chungs citizens like Farish, the timid druggist, and Gus Feinblatt, the fatalistic Jewish farmer, dreaded the new Red regime. Even collaborationist storekeeper Croley was uneasy. Only Mr. Sparhawk, an eccentric itinerant preacher, seemed to find consolation in his own doctrines of asceticism and non-resistance.

Billy Justin, thirty-seven-year-old commercial artist turned dairy farmer, had extra reason for evading the hail of Russian bullets. He knew that the West's last hope would die with him if he were killed.

At first Justin had resented the fact that pretty Betsy Cardew and General Hollerith, the legless veteran who posed as a hobo, had implicated him in the early stages of a resistance movement. But he knew he was irrevocably committed to their side when Gribble, an ex-Pentagon general whose nerve had cracked when he was forced to order the extinction of five thousand of his own scientists for security reasons, entrusted to him the secret that represented democracy's last desperate chance of retaliation. Hidden in an underground factory was the most powerful weapon ever devised by man, a satellite capable of encircling the earth and annihilating city after city with hydrogen bombs.

"I carried out the first half, Justin. You'll help me, won't you?" Gribble pleaded. "You and I are the only people in the world who know that the satellite exists. It's up to you to smuggle the secret into the hands of the resistance leaders—and to see that they use it."

TWO

JUSTIN was scything down the dry grass of autumn for winter feeding to the cows. Behind him Gribble followed with a rake and a hoarded ball of twine ends making bundles they could carry to the barn.

It was October.

In the monotony of scything, the hypnotic step—swing, slice, step—swing, slice, Justin could almost believe in the role he was playing. Of all the roles he had played, it was the queerest. Successively he had impersonated a grownup, a soldier, a businessman, artist, a Farm Front Fighter. Now what he had to tell himself was, "You're a peasant. This is what it's like to be a peasant."

And he was. Dirty, coarsened, tired and underfed, Justin, who had supposed himself a democrat all his life, found himself at last a member of the eternal overwhelming majority, brother at last in space and time to the stone-age grubbers of roots, the Chinese toiling with an aching back and thighs over rice shoots in the dynasty of Han or Comrade Mao, potato-eaters of the Andes or the Netherlands, all those who in time past, time present and perhaps for all time to come must dig in stubborn ground while the knees shake with fatigue. The emblems of the brotherhood were hunger and fatigue.

Three months under the *Mezhdunarodnyi Vnootrennikh Dyehl* had left him a clear choice. He could be a debased animal or he could die.

He knew of people by the dozen who had chosen to be people. They had died. There was the case of the Wehrweins, of Straw Hill. The Wehrweins refused to understand that things were different now. They refused to make their quota, trusting to the farmer's old technique of the blank stare, the "Who me mister?" and the sullen "Tain't no business of mine." A polite search would have shown them nothing, but the MVD searched with crowbars and found a hoard of grain.

The Wehrweins were shot for sabotage. Their children were shot for failing to report their sabotage.

The Elekinnens, of Little Finland, one of those big close-knit European family complexes, were

Sokoloff wheedled and roared, the light glared. How long could Justin bear the cruel Conveyor?

wiped out to the last man, woman and child. Papa Gunder, their patriarch, cursed and struck an MVD Agro Section inspector: unlawful violence against the occupying authority.

Mr. Konrad made no more popskull brandy from his sprawling, slovenly vineyard. Mr. Konrad had been shot for failure to obey agricultural cropacreage regulations. His fifty-year-old son and the son's fifty-year-old wife, workers in the feed mill, town dwellers who had not seen the old man since a bitter estrangement three decades ago, died with him in the centre of the athletic field: failure to report contravention of agricultural regulation.

There was a new whispered phrase: "shipped south." Mr. and Mrs. Lacey, of Four Corners, had been "shipped south." They were back in two weeks, cringing away from questions, seemingly half insane. All their teeth had been pulled and they worked their fields with lunatic zeal. The four nearest neighbors of the Laceys were arrested soon afterward by MVD teams who knew exactly where to find their hoards of grain, the eggs laid down in water glass, the secret smokehouse in the woods where hams and bacon slowly turned on strings over smoldering hickory chips. The neighbors were shot.

There were never audible complaints any more, through two milk norm increases and two ration reductions. Everybody had taken to frantic weeding in every spare second; leisure did not exist. The smallest children were pressed into work. A three-year-old who carelessly tore out a turnip top instead of parasitic wild mustard was beaten and did not eat that night. Possibly a generation of permissive-discipline pediatricians were whirling in their graves, but the pediatricians had not expected that American parents, comfortable in mortgaged homes, secure in union contracts, nourished at glittering supermarkets, neat in their twelve-ninety-eight dresses and forty-dollar suits, would soon rejoin the eternal majority of hunger and fatigue.

Even the great American bathroom was a mockery. Nobody talked about it but everybody was squeezing the utmost from his land by manuring with human excrement, an Oriental practice from which the fortunate North Americans had been excused by virtue of the Haber process, Peruvian guano and Mexican phosphate rock. But there was no fertilizer compounded of nitrates, guano and phosphorus to be had at Croley's store these days. Presumably it was being shipped direct to Russia and China.

Justin, shorter, darker and dirtier than he had been two short months ago, stooped and swung his scythe. Gribble absolutely couldn't get the hang of it, not after days of

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The resistance leaders gasped at the sores on Justin's back. "And they drilled my teeth for six hours," he told them.

ILLUSTRATED BY DON ANDERSON

LEGISLATOR BOURQUE [illegible] Halifax. He's on the House [illegible] education.

WAITER BOURQUE looks after the wants of his passengers in his parlor car on the Dominion Atlantic Railway. He [illegible]

The Hon Porter Of The Parlor Car

Raymond Bourque, Nova Scotian MLA, doesn't talk politics on the job but he softens up his constituents by fetching their pillows, serving creamed lobster and even dressing their babies

BY NORMAN CREIGHTON

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN

Bilingual MLA Bourque makes his formal speeches in English. His schooling stopped after Grade Eight.

IN THE ballroom of the Lord Nelson Hotel in Halifax one day last fall, delegates to the annual convention of the provincial Progressive Conservative Party were gathered at a buffet luncheon. It was an occasion for gallantry. Gentlemen got tables for their ladies and then began the perilous journeys to and from the refreshment tables, bearing knives and forks, juggling cups of coffee, rolls and intractable salads, weaving their way cautiously through a bobbing sea of feathered hats and swirls of powder-blue taffeta. Most of them carried only one dish in each hand, choosing to return five or six times for the full complement of supplies. To do it in only three trips—without hopelessly ruining a shirt front—merited applause. But one man, Raymond Bourque (pronounced Burk in English), MLA for Yarmouth County, brought the thing off in two miraculous trips. On the last trip he managed coffee and rolls for four with a nonchalant ease that won the open-mouthed acclaim of the entire convention.

Bourque acquired his uncanny sense of balance in his capacity of waiter on the Dominion Atlantic Railway, traveling between Halifax and Yarmouth through the Annapolis Valley. On this run six days a week, he combines the duties of ticket taker (officially he's a parlor car conductor), waiter, dish washer, newsie and porter, as well as guide to the U.S. tourists who make a summertime pilgrimage to this Land of Evangeline.

It's characteristic of the member from Yarmouth to make no bones about his competence as a waiter—to be proud of it, in fact. He firmly believes a man goes farther simply by being himself than by trying to put on airs and ape someone else.

It's a policy that's paid off. He's come up the ladder from dish washer at the CPR's Cornwallis Inn at Kentville until now, at thirty-seven, he occupies a seat in Nova Scotia's venerable and sedate Legislative Assembly. Although his formal schooling ended at grade eight in the little school house at Sluice Point near Yarmouth, the Government selected him last year to serve on the House committee on education.

In the House or working in his parlor car Bourque presents a neat, natty figure. He's five feet nine inches tall, and he holds his hundred and fifty pounds rigidly erect. His face is spare and bony—with chin whiskers he'd be a ringer for Lincoln. Dreamy brown eyes set off his sensitive face and his mouth seems always ready to break into an amused smile.

Around the Halifax CNR depot they call him The Senator. They also refer to him as "the guy over on track five who's the member." Three mornings a week—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—he gives last-minute passengers a hand up to the observation platform as the train is pulling out for Yarmouth. On alternate mornings he is to be found in Yarmouth at the southern end of the province, giving equally breathless passengers a hand up as the train starts its return journey to Halifax. Fortunately they have two hundred and sixteen miles ahead of them in which to recover their breath and chat with the conductor.

As a consequence few members of the Nova Scotia Legislature are on such intimate terms with their constituents. Even his political opponents are unable to sustain their reserve during the leisurely nine-hour ride. Liberal stalwarts will break down and tell him about their operations. CCFers boarding the train at Digby fresh off the Saint John boat will call weakly for Bromo-Seltzer to quell the aftereffects of a rough crossing on the Bay of Fundy. Bourque moves genially about the car tilting chair backs, fetching pillows, magazines and headache tablets.

For doing all this he is seldom tipped. Liberals and CCFers find it hard to be asked to subsidize the Opposition while Progressive Conservatives consider it beneath the dignity of their member to receive tips. As a result Bourque's gratuities have fallen off sharply since he was elected two years ago.

"Here it is Tuesday," he says, "and all I've taken in this week is a dollar thirty-five. Before I was in the House it would have been at least five dollars."

Perhaps if he were more ready with his "coming, sir" he'd do better financially, but he refuses to pamper the crotchety. "When you fuss over them it only makes them worse. Leave them alone." Instead of playing the soft-treading English butler he's more likely to wander through the car humming a slightly naughty folk song of his Acadian ancestors, *J'ai Perdu*.

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FATHER OF SEVEN HIMSELF, RAYMOND BOURQUE HAS A BUILT-IN TALENT FOR HELPING YOUNG TRAVELERS

Mrs. Bernadine Bourque and six of their seven children wave good-by at Yarmouth

[illegible] helps [illegible] Amirault in his tiny kitchen

Students commuting to Windsor Academy call on him regularly to help with their French homework

At Halifax terminus he lifts a child off Parlor Car 66[illegible]

The screams of children trapped between decks rang hideously in the spring air when the overloaded Victoria toppled.

THE MORGUE THAT SAILED FROM SPRINGBANK

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

Almost every home in London, Ontario, was draped in mourning when the bodies of a hundred and eighty-one Victoria Day excursionists formed the final link in an incredible chain of blundering irresponsibility

BY STANLEY FILLMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

ON A sparkling Tuesday in May 1881 while Queen Victoria was celebrating her sixty-second birthday in London England a steamboat also named Victoria was cruising on the Thames River near London, Ontario, crowded with more than six hundred exuberant excursionists. Suddenly, something happened.

From his seat in a racing skiff less than a hundred yards off the Victoria's starboard bow Harry Nicholls watched the boat wallow toward London. He saw her rock ponderously from side to side responding to the motion of the upper deck passengers who were running from rail to rail. The unusual swaying did not startle Nicholls who was aware of the Victoria's shallow draft but as he watched he saw the rocking increase until inches of water were shipped at each swing. Suddenly with a roar of hissing steam the boat's huge boiler broke loose from its mounting and crashed through the bulwarks. Water poured through the opening and Nicholls was enveloped in a cloud of live steam. With a slow almost deliberate movement the Victoria settled on her side. From both decks passengers were catapulted into the river. Nicholls heard the muffled screams of those trapped between decks. His slim shell was almost swamped in the wake as the Victoria went down.

At least a hundred and eighty-one persons drowned on the May 24 excursion, of these a hundred and ten were children. It was the blackest day in London's history, the result of an almost incredible series of blunders that could easily have been averted.

By nightfall the flags that bedecked London homes and businesses to mark the Queen's birthday were lowered to half mast. For eight days afterward the dead who had been hooked from the river were carried to their graves. Funeral directors started work before dawn and were still conducting services long after dark. The supply of coffins in London was exhausted the first day and one infant was buried in an adult casket.

All London's nineteen thousand residents lost relatives or friends. One family, the Fryers, lost five members. By official decree a black armband became a Londoner's badge of mourning for a thirty day period. Business firms and schools closed for two days. Most homes in the city were draped in mourning. One milliner advertised in the London Advertiser: "Family mournings at A. B. Powell and Co. who are showing a large range of crapes and mourning dress material. Our prices are low. Millinery orders executed at the shortest possible notice. Also dressmaking orders." Draymen charged double their usual funeral rates.

The ill fated stern wheeler Victoria (foreground) moored at Dundas St. wharf, London, 75 years ago

The tragedy had its start in the fall of 1880 when George Parish, London secondhand merchant and moneylender, assumed control of the Victoria. Parish had supplied the capital for Captain Thomas Wastie to build her seven months earlier and the vessel was returned to Parish in lieu of mortgage payment when Wastie moved from London.

Parish planned to use the Victoria as an excursion boat on the Thames between London and Springbank Park, four miles downstream. The 73 acre park with its landscaped grounds, refreshment booth and tavern was London's favorite picnic and play area.

In a deal with the Thames Navigation Company, Parish agreed to supply the 400-passenger Victoria and his services as manager in return for a one-third split of the summer's profit. On its part the company was to put up its two boats, the Forest City, a side wheeler of 150 passenger capacity, and the Princess Louise, another side-wheeler carrying three hundred and fifty. The boats were to sail from the London dock at hourly intervals. A fifteen cent ticket for the round trip entitled passengers to pick their own time and boat.

Square on both ends, the Victoria was seventy-nine feet, six inches long, twenty-six feet in the beam and drew a scant two and a half feet of water. She had two decks. A glass wheelhouse occupied part of the upper deck. Parish had installed a new steel plated boiler aft of the broad staircase connecting the decks. It was ten feet long, three and a half feet in diameter and had ninety pipes inside as heating coils. It delivered sixty horsepower to the two stern wheels. Stacked beside the boiler was cordwood fuel. Parish had hired as captain Donald Rankin, a solid, mustached Londoner of forty-eight. Disaster struck the first

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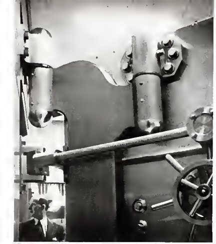
HOW THE TAYLORS THWART THE SAFECRACKERS

BY FRANK CROFT

With 52-ton doors, steel walls, time locks and built-in "stink bombs" this safe company guards $26 billions of the nation's valuables. And the best way to get at them is to call a Taylor safecracker



The massive door is one of three guarding Bank of Nova Scotia vaults in Toronto. Cost: $125,000.

A FEW YEARS ago near Quebec City three safecrackers broke into a small branch bank by forcing the door. They bound and gagged two young clerks who lived upstairs. One of the thieves stayed to keep an eye on the prisoners while the other two went down to the vault to blow it open and rob it. It was just after midnight.

About half an hour after the entry the two clerks and their guard heard a muffled explosion downstairs, then silence. Almost an hour elapsed while they waited expectantly, then they heard a second explosion. Finally, after another half an hour, one of the safecrackers came up to check with his accomplice standing guard.

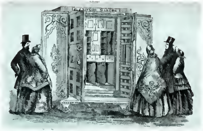
"It's one of those Taylor jobs," he said disgustedly. "We'll probably be here all night."

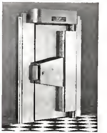
They were there most of the night. They finally left at five o'clock in the morning, frustrated and furious. They were afraid of being caught if they stayed longer. They had worked steadily for five hours and they still hadn't got the vault open.

To workers at J. & J. Taylor Limited, Toronto Safe Works, the largest manufacturers of safes and vault doors in Canada, such incidents illustrating the impregnability of their product are quite frankly almost as rare as they are pleasant to hear about. The Taylor people admit that almost anyone with the proper tools and enough time to use them can open any vault or safe, no matter how formidable. They have men on their staff who prove it every day.

H. M. West, the president of Taylor's, says without pretense: "We're fighting a delaying action against the safe burglar. We used to say in our catalogues, 'What man can make, man can break,' and it's still true." And T. M. West, who is in charge of the technical operations of the company, including the designing and making of safes and vaults, adds: "We try to give the safe burglar a nut so tough to crack that he will be defeated in the time and with the equipment that most safe burglars have."

Probably because it's so tough, safecracking is one of the least attractive branches of crime. There have been many notorious forgers, bandits and gunmen in Canada, but RCMP officials can't recall any single safecracker who was much of a problem. That's probably a feather in the cap of J. & J. Taylor, who have been making things more and more difficult for criminals for exactly a hundred years.





In 1865 this was the last word in Taylor safes — with wheels on. Burglars can still wreck the latest models (right) but it may take them a week

In 1855 Taylor's started turning out iron boxes with key locks which burglars of the day attacked with chisels and sledge hammers. Now they turn out safes made of steel, copper and zinc to thwart burglars using acetylene torches, portable power drills and nitroglycerine. Since 1855 the company has produced 112,000 safes and vault doors for banks and trust companies, chain stores, service stations, theatres, churches and business offices.

In Canada Taylor safes hold an estimated twenty-six billion dollars in cash and securities, almost eighty percent of the country's cash and liquid assets. They not only protect money, documents and jewelry, but they're used to safeguard such items as radium, liquor, X-ray films, stamps and priceless portraits. Canadian embassies and legations throughout the world keep our diplomatic secrets in Taylor safes and some Roman Catholic churches buy them to protect the Holy Eucharist from desecration by religious crackpots.

They come in all shapes and sizes, from small wall safes that sell for a hundred and forty dollars to vault doors that cost a hundred and twenty-five thousand. Three of those doors, each weighing fifty-two tons, were recently installed in the general offices of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Toronto.

In addition to burglar-resistant combination safes, which are opened by dialing a combination of numbers to work the lock mechanism, and vault doors that also have combination locks, Taylor's makes fireproof safes. These are actually not designed to keep your valuables safe from criminals; they're intended to keep your documents safe from fire, and almost any burglar wielding a hammer and chisel could break them open.

There is no easy way to open any safe or vault if you don't happen to know the combination. This will be a distinct shock to a whole generation of Jimmie Dale fans, but it has to be done by force, fire, explosive or drilling. It simply can't be done the way Frank L. Packard's fictional hero did it in the Twenties in The Adventures of Jimmie Dale:

> There was grim mockery in Jimmie Dale's face now as his sensitive fingers closed on the knob of the safe dial. Only a low, tense breathing, so faint that it could not be heard a foot away, a curious scratching as from time to time the supersensitive fingers fell away from the dial to rub upon the carpet—to increase even their sensitiveness by setting the nerves to throbbing at the tips. And then Jimmie Dale's head, ear pressed close to the safe to catch the tumblers' fall, was lifted. "Ah!" The heavy door swung outward.

That kind of thing kept oil lamps burning for generations of small boys but, really, it would never open a safe. For one thing, combination locks don't have tumblers. They operate with an intricate mechanism of notched wheels. Only when the notches on these wheels are brought into perfect alignment by dialing do they release the bolts that lock the safe.

In addition to combination locks, time locks are fitted to all bank, trust company, insurance and finance company and other safes used by large concerns. A time lock is an ordinary clock movement screwed to the inside of the door of a safe or vault and it works independently of the combination lock.

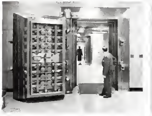
A person locking a safe at five o'clock in the afternoon, for example, and wishing to open it at nine in the morning will set the movement for a sixteen-hour run. At the end of that time the clock stops and a trip release unblocks a cavity in the door so that the time lock's bolt can be withdrawn into the door with the other locking bolts of the combination lock when the safe's handle is turned. Even though the combination lock is opened, the time lock will hold its bolt in place and keep the door closed until the pre-set time arrives to release it.

Time locks are a comparatively recent innovation, but combination locks have been used on Taylor safes since about 1865. Nobody has improved on the principle of the combination lock since then. Safecrackers meanwhile have tried a great variety of methods to defeat the lock.

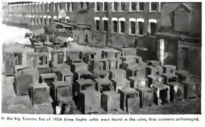
Chisels, hammers, crowbars and such tools have always been standard safecracking equipment, but early-day burglars also used gunpowder. This was packed in the cracks around the safe door and sealed in place with soap. A long fuse was stuck in the crack and lighted. But gunpowder was pale stuff compared with nitroglycerine, which safecrackers brought into their repertoire about 1870. This was easy, if highly dangerous, to obtain: just mix nitric acid and glycerine with a dash of sulphuric acid—and a thimbleful was often enough to wreck a safe.

A safe burglar using

Continued on page 40



Detective story readers will be sorry to learn that there are no tumblers.



In the big Toronto fire of 1904 these Taylor safes were found in the ruins, their contents undamaged.

There was DOUGLAS
the cold and swarthy Governor . .

There was BEGBIE
the whiskered "Hanging Judge" . . .

There was SMITH
the self-styled Lover of the World

A STRANGE TRIO, but as thousands clawed their way north for the Cariboo's gold

They saved the Pacific coast for Canada

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BORDER Conclusion BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

IN THE middle of the last century annexation to the United States obsessed many bankrupt British Columbians, as it had obsessed the desperate businessmen of Montreal in the days of Lord Elgin. Victoria was then the only British town on the Pacific coast, but it was also pitiably poor. And the inland state of Canada lay far away across the mountains and the empty plains. Junction with the booming United States therefore appeared as the solution to every economic problem. But of course it evaded the basic problem of Canada, which was to build a transcontinental nation.

While the British Columbians debated their future the far western pier of that transcontinental nation, a pier not yet in Canada's possession, seemed likely to slip by natural gravity into the American republic.

That it did not was due mainly to the work of three strange and disparate creatures: James Douglas, the cold, swarthy and imperious Governor, a man of massive frame, deceptive energies and obscure beginnings; Matthew Baillie Begbie, wrongly called the "Hanging Judge of Cariboo," with his Mephistophelean whiskers and his muddled notions of British law; and finally a hot-eyed scrivener named Smith who in a moment of high imagination had changed his signature legally to Amor de Cosmos, the Lover of the World.

This ill-assorted trio was thrown together in friendship and quarrel by the Cariboo gold rush, that mad procession that had suddenly focused the eyes of the continent on a little colony hidden somewhere behind the shadows of the Rockies.

It had all begun in 1856 when the peaceful trading post of the southern tip of Vancouver Island slumbered soundly among its pleasant farm lands. Victoria's governor, though, was not asleep. Douglas had been startled by sudden news from the tributaries of the Fraser River. A prospector named James Huston had crossed the border by the old fur route in the Okanagan Valley and moved northward to hit the Thompson River at the Hudson's Bay post of Fort Kamloops. There he sampled the gravel of Tranquille Creek and found his gold pan full of nuggets. It was filled also with incalculable consequences for the British Empire, Canada and the United States.

Douglas guessed at once what the discovery of gold would mean. He wrote hurriedly to London: "The reported wealth of the [illegible] mines is causing much excitement among the population of the United States territories of Washington and Oregon, and I have no doubt that a great number of the people from those territories will be attracted thither with the return of fine weather in the spring."

The Fraser's secret was out. It soon reached the restless miners of California, where the great rush of '49 was on the ebb. They now surged north to the new El Dorado. They crammed the steamboats, sleeping in shifts on the decks. They came by sailboat, rowboat and canoe. In the spring of '58 Douglas found his fort besieged by twenty thousand men, all bound for the Fraser.

This overnight invasion by an army of rough-looking and probably lawless treasure hunters, mostly Americans, appeared more dangerous than the peaceful settlement that had driven Douglas out of Oregon. He soon saw, however, that the invaders were not so lawless as they looked.

The American miners, unlike the settlers of Oregon, had little interest in land, government or Manifest Destiny. They sought nothing but gold.

Soon they were joined by an overland rush out of Oregon. The coal mines and sawmills of Puget Sound closed for lack of workers. Farmers abandoned their spring plowing. Soldiers deserted the forts. It seemed likely to Douglas that he must confront most of the population of the Pacific coast and he had learned, in the tragedy of McLoughlin, the Canadian who had ruled and lost Oregon, that an American population inevitably would demand its own government.

Douglas, a tougher man, did not intend to repeat that tragedy. During the first year of the rush Britain's power in the west hung almost entirely on this one man, who lacked any official authority over the Fraser River country. His commission covered only Vancouver Island, but that technical flaw did not deter him for a moment. As there was no time to secure new authority from London he acted without it.

A fee was charged for every vessel, rowboat, or canoe entering the Fraser. No one could pan a shovelful of gravel without a miner's license. These deliberate gestures of sovereignty informed the foreigner that he was on British territory only at the Queen's pleasure and must obey her laws.

YANKEE GAMBLER
Miners found gold with a shovel; gamblers used the ace of spades.

So far Douglas lacked not only authority but any power to enforce laws not yet written. He had no army or police force. He was running a bold bluff. What if the bluff were called? What if the American miners clashed with the Indians and appealed to Washington for protection? How could Douglas resist official U.S. intervention? As he could not resist it he must prevent it by strict enforcement of the law, quite illegally, and for this purpose he needed a judge.

In answer to his frantic plea the British government selected the most unlikely judge available—Matthew Baillie Begbie, already a failure in the legal profession of London and reduced to the humble job of reporting the courts for the Law Times. It was not the first time the British government, by mere chance, had picked exactly the right man but Douglas could hardly have suspected that when he beheld the giant and arrogant figure of Begbie descending the gangplank at Victoria in November 1858.

The two of them sailed immediately for the mainland to introduce the law officially in the gold fields. At Fort Langley Douglas swore in the judge. The judge then swore in Douglas as governor of the new mainland colony of British Columbia. The law was legal and government established from the Rockies to the sea.

This unique partnership of the silent Douglas and the garrulous Begbie had not been formed a moment too soon. At the end of '58 about thirty-three thousand miners were washing the sand bars of the black Fraser Canyon. Douglas now heard the news he had expected from the beginning. The Indians were on the warpath. White men's bodies came floating down the river. A series of massacres, the number of their victims never known, was quickly suppressed by the miners' vigilance committees but they were what Douglas most feared: the miners had taken the law into their own hands. Latest dispatches indicated that they might take British Columbia as well.

CHINESE PROSPECTOR
From all over the world came a polyglot army to pan the Fraser torrent for gold

At Yale, the head of Fraser navigation, Ned McGowan, a disgraced judge and desperado from California, had quarrelled with the local magistrate, arrested him for "contempt of court" and, with a junta of twenty kindred spirits, had fined him fifty dollars. McGowan apparently was setting up a government of his own. While it was only a barroom posse it could quickly grow into something more serious. It might well be like the first settlers' government of Oregon, another unplanned eruption of Manifest Destiny.

Here then was a clear test of British sovereignty. Douglas loaded a hundred British sailors from a visiting warship, about a hundred and fifty newly arrived Royal Engineers, Judge Begbie and a cannon on Tom Wright's stern-wheeler. As that overburdened little craft paddled slowly up the river and headed into the bank at Yale, McGowan blustered and threatened to resist the government, then quickly changed his mind when he saw the troops and the cannon. The absurd rebellion ended with its leader paying a public apology and a fine and giving a champagne dinner at Hill's Bar for the officers who had arrested him.

It was a small affair, a mere comedy, and no blood or tears had been shed, yet precisely the sort of spontaneous incident that, countless times before, had grown into large affairs along the boundary. Douglas' prompt demonstration of force, Begbie's law, invented in his own head and enforced on horseback, the miners' generally good behavior and their lack of interest in anything except gold held the Fraser, that natural line of power long ago sketched by Simpson.

The immediate possibility of crisis passed. The miners gutted the river bars and pronounced the Fraser a "humbug." Within a year the tide of invasion drained back to California and Oregon, the river towns were deserted and the bankrupt merchants of Fort Victoria could only stand by their doors and [illegible] in the streets.

Douglas and his languid little capital lived once more in peace. They had not heard of four rugged men who in the autumn of '60 struggled eastward from the Fraser, reached Quesnel Lake and followed an unmapped creek northward into the mountains. Their names were Doc Keithley, John Ross, Sandy MacDonald and George Weaver.

One bitter night, hard upon the eve of winter, the trail behind soon to be blocked by snow, the creeks empty of gold, the desperate partners sat down by their campfire to debate a question of life and death. Should they push on or retreat while there was yet time?

They slept on that question and in the morning awakened to see across an upland valley the glitter of a little stream. If it yielded nothing they agreed that they would walk back to the coast.

The first pan of gravel from that creek contained a quarter of a pound of nuggets. Four crazy men washed gravel all that

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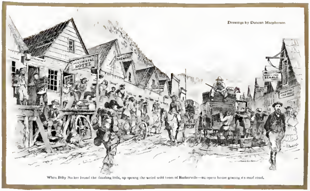

Drawings by Duncan Macpherson

When Billy Barker found the dazzling lode, up sprang the weird wild town of Barkerville—an opera house gracing its mud road.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

Newcomer James Dean (at left) plays Cain in a lettuce garden Eden

BEST BET **EAST OF EDEN** John Steinbeck's reworking of the Cain and Abel tragedy unfolds on a California lettuce farm in 1917, with director Elia Kazan brilliantly in control of his fine cast and his widescreen cameras. James Dean, a highly touted newcomer, seems to be imitating Marlon Brando too studiously but achieves a striking portrayal of a youth who hates almost everybody because he thinks nobody loves him. Raymond Massey, Julie Harris and Burl Ives are also admirably on hand.

THE BIG COMBO The racketeer (Richard Conte) and the incorruptible cop (Cornel Wilde) are foes once again, in a glum and nasty crime melodrama. Rating: poor.

BIG HOUSE, USA A singularly tough kidnapper (Ralph Meeker) goes to prison and finds himself involved in a "crashout" with some even tougher hoodlums who want his buried loot. A fair crime yarn, marred at times by overblown dialogue.

CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT Rock Hudson as a laughing Irish rebel is the star of this so-so CinemaScope swashbuckler. The scenery is a lot more interesting than the story and the characters.

GATE OF HELL Color photography on the screen attains new heights of beauty and expressiveness in this Japanese film, a sombre but exquisite medieval fable. It's more fascinating in some ways than either of its famed predecessors, Rashomon and Ugetsu.

THE MAN WHO LOVED REDHEADS A number of choice "bits" in the best British vein are hardly enough to redeem the banality of the story and the arch quality of its treatment in this comedy about a stuffy Englishman and his secret loves. With John Justin, Moira Shearer.

RUN FOR COVER A western with sharper characterizations than usual, starring James Cagney as a sheriff and John Derek as a "deputy" with a bad streak that won't wash out.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Aida: Opera. Excellent.
The Americano: Adventure. Fair.
Athena: Satiric comedy. Fair.
The Atomic Kid: Comedy. Poor.
Bad Day at Black Rock: Suspense. Good.
Bamboo Prison: Spy drama. Poor.
Battle Cry: War and sex. Fair.
The Beachcomber: Comedy. Fair.
Blackboard Jungle: Drama. Good.
Black Widow: Whodunit. Good.
The Bounty Hunter: Western. Good.
The Bridges at Toko-Ri: War. Excellent.
Carmen Jones: Negro opera. Excellent.
Chance Meeting: Drama. Good.
Conquest of Space: Science fiction. Fair.
The Country Girl: Drama. Excellent.
Court Martial: Drama. Excellent.
Désirée: Historical drama. Fair.
The Divided Heart: Drama. Excellent.
Down Three Dark Streets: Crime. Good.
Drum Beat: Western. Fair.
End of the Affair: Drama. Fair.
For Better, for Worse: Comedy. Good.
The Glass Slipper: Romance. Good.
Green Fire: Adventure. Fair.
Hit the Deck: Musical. Fair.
Jupiter's Darling: Musical. Fair.
Lease of Life: Drama. Good.
A Life in the Balance: Suspense. Fair.
Little Fugitive: Comedy. Excellent.
The Long Gray Line: West Point comedy-drama. Good.
The Loves of Verdi: Opera biog. Fair.
Mad About Men: Mermaid farce. Fair.
A Man Called Peter: Drama. Excellent.
Man Without a Star: Western. Good.
Many Rivers to Cross: Comedy. Fair.
Mr. Hulot's Holiday: Comedy. Good.
New York Confidential: Crime. Good.
On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.
The Other Woman: Sexy drama. Poor.
Prince of Players: Drama. Good.
The Racers: Speed-track drama. Fair.
Romeo and Juliet: Drama. Excellent.
The Silver Chalice: Semi-Biblical drama. Fair.
Simba: African drama. Good.
Six Bridges to Cross: Crime. Good.
A Star Is Born: Musical. Excellent.
Three for the Show: Comedy. Fair.
Tight Spot: Suspense. Good.
Timberjack: Logging drama. Poor.
To Paris With Love: Comedy. Good.
Track of the Cat: Drama. Fair.
Ugetsu: Japanese drama. Good.
Underwater!: Adventure. Fair.
Untamed: African adventure. Fair.
The Violent Men: Western. Fair.
White Feather: Western. Good.
Women's Prison: Drama. Fair.

day filled their pockets with gold and lay down exhausted in the darkness. They awoke under a foot of snow. And now the great Cariboo gold rush was on.

It brought madmen from every corner of the world: the returning Argonauts from California, planters from the Deep South, gamblers from New York, workmen from New England, clerks from London, painted dance-hall girls from Germany (the incomparable "Hurdy Gurdies"), yellow men from Asia and even caravans of lunatics from Upper Canada who crossed the continent by ox train, slid down the upper Fraser on rafts, lost many lives in the current and never found a single speck of gold.

This for the Hudson's Bay Company was the end of fur monopoly and the good old days. Douglas no longer faced an invasion of miners but a permanent population.

The weird town of Barkerville—named for Billy Barker, first miner to dig down through the blue clay and reach the dazzling bedrock, only to end in an old men's home—sprang up beside Williams Creek in a single muddy street of saloons, stores, hotels, dance halls and a roaring opera house.

The new army of all nations burst through the narrow gut of the Fraser Canyon by the Indians' old trail in Fraser's footsteps; it built a detour, at ten miles a day, through the swampy jungles of Harrison Lake; it pushed stern-wheelers halfway to the Rockies; drove ox trains and pack mules to death and even imported twenty-one camels to carry a thousand pounds apiece until the fetid stench of these animals scared every ox and mule off the trail.

No trail could serve this massive migration and resulting settlement. Douglas saw now that the game of fur was finished. He surrendered all his old hopes in the decision to build a wagon road from the head of navigation on the river to Barkerville on the western flank of the Rockies.

As usual he lacked both money and authority. No matter, the road must be built or the uncounted thousands of miners in the gold fields would starve for lack of supplies. Moreover a road was essential to govern this swarming territory and hold it for the Crown.

The shocked British government therefore read a dispatch from its Governor dated Oct. 24, 1861, announcing that he would build a road "to reduce the cost of transport there by securing the whole trade of the colony for Fraser's river and defeating all attempts at competition from Oregon." Thus spoke a natural geopolitician. How would he pay for his road? "I have in these circumstances come to the resolution of meeting the contingency and raising the necessary funds by effecting a loan of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds in this country."

Again he had exceeded his powers. But on money borrowed from the Victoria banks, and with the labor of a few Royal Engineers, some Chinese and any idle miners he could find, Douglas undertook the most extraordinary feat of construction yet attempted in America.

Two years later he had finished a road three hundred and eighty-five miles long and eighteen feet wide at a cost of $1,250,000. And what a road! It clung like a gossamer to the blank cliff of the Fraser Canyon. It was bored through solid rock or propped on fragile trestlework; it crossed the river on a suspension bridge by cables woven on the spot; it wound through the upland jack-pine forest, was broken by a steamboat service on the Upper Fraser and finally, across the gravel tailings of the Williams Creek claims, it ended in the muddy street of Barkerville.

Conquered at last, the turbulent Fraser of the far west had complemented the peaceful St. Lawrence of the east. Both of them had carried Canadians into the interior. Both had given the future Canadian nation an essential line of power. The gold of Cariboo, like the furs of eastern Canada, had brought in a permanent population and altered all the prospects of British America. It was no longer a group of colonies on the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence. It had leapfrogged the prairies and landed on the Pacific slope. It finally possessed the ingredients of a transcontinental state.

The ingredients only. But there would be no such state unless the eastern and western settlements could be joined.

Vancouver Island and the Pacific mainland, finally joined in a single colony, contained about ten thousand white inhabitants in that sedimentary layer of permanent population left by the receding tide of the rush.

By every logical calculation their future lay with the thriving American territories beside them. They had no links of trade, geography or transportation with Canada, which lay on the other side of a continent behind the Rockies, the prairies and the pre-Cambrian dike; no links of memory or sentiment either, and little interest in the experiment called Confederation.

Moreover they were now sandwiched between the new American territory of Alaska in the north and the Pacific territories and states to the south. British Columbia lay on the continental map as the obvious corridor joining the Pacific possessions of the republic.

Even Britain Didn't Care

Naturally enough, practical men in the tiny colonial capital of Victoria saw no future for themselves except within the United States, for it surely must soon join the remote limb of Alaska with the body of the union if it did not secure the whole continent.

Besides, the Americans now possessed a transcontinental railway while there was not even a wagon road from British Columbia to Canada. A short northern spur from the American line would give British Columbia access to the great markets of the eastern cities and Victoria could become a large entrepôt of American business, a major port on the Pacific. Finally, as the formidable argument ran among the annexationists of Victoria, the United States in taking over British Columbia would also take over the alarming colonial debt of $1,500,000.

Thus many tongues paid service to the idea of annexation. In the days of the Cariboo rush it had become a crudely organized movement. Now it was supported not only by Americans who had come to find gold and had remained as residents but by hard-headed British settlers whose nostalgia for Britain was outweighed by their British instinct for profitable business.

They did not lack friends in the United States. American newspapers were supporting the idea. A bill introduced in Congress proposed that the Pacific colony be admitted to the union as a territory, to become in due time a prosperous state.

The Victoria annexationists could argue pretty convincingly that Britain no longer cared whether British Columbia remained in the empire or withdrew. Had not the London Times, a Homer who sometimes nodded, recently announced, doubtless with official inspiration, that nothing should be done to prevent annexation?

The annexationist argument seemed

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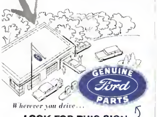

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In the fight to save B.C., Macdonald had a strange frenzied ally—Amor de Cosmos

outright and unanswerable in practical politics. Accordingly it was presented to the Colonial Office by a group of British Columbians in 1867, the year of Confederation. Since London was unmoved by this suggestion the annexationists turned directly to the United States with a second petition asking President Grant to arrange British Columbia's admission to the union. The U.S. government, while willing to countenance unofficial penetration, was unwilling to risk official acts possibly involving a serious quarrel with Britain.

The down-at-heel colonial government at Victoria made no serious effort to discourage this agitation. Its officials received their pay from London but it was depressingly small, hardly enough to support them in genteel poverty, and doubtless would never increase so long as the miserable colony was isolated by an artificial line from the booming United States.

Douglas' successor, Frederick Seymour, complained to London that his dilapidated mansion overlooking Juan de Fuca Straits needed furniture and "the walls have no paper to hide the cracks which the settlement of the older parts of the building have entailed upon them." London was brutally unsympathetic. It advised Seymour to pay more attention to his depleted sinking funds and less to his sinking residence.

In the listless and sickly person of the Governor, John A. Macdonald realized that the architecture of his new Confederation was supported by a broken reed. "It is quite clear," the Canadian Prime Minister wrote to the Colonial Office, "that no time should be lost in putting the screws on Vancouver Island, and the first thing to do is to recall Governor Seymour, if his time is not yet out. We shall then have to fight only the Yankee adventurers and the annexation party proper, which there will be no difficulty in doing if we have a good man at the helm."

Macdonald's judgment proved better in British Columbia than it had in Red River, Man., where the dark revolutionary shape of Louis Riel had recently arisen to plague him.

The annexation movement on the Pacific, as on the Atlantic, was producing the historic Canadian reaction and a powerful new continental figure to lead it. He had been born plain Smith but such a name could not long satisfy a man of his soaring ambition, high abilities and cosmic dreams. To proclaim his true dimensions before mankind he legally acquired the signature of Amor de Cosmos.

The self-styled Lover of the World had a prophetic look worthy of his title. His face was long, narrow, lengthened by a black spade of whiskers and strikingly handsome. His eyes burned with frenzy, his tongue was never still, his restless pen scribbled ferocious editorials in his queer little newspaper, the British Colonist, and he had his teeth into an issue that his readers could understand.

It was the oldest issue in North American life, common to Canadians and Americans alike: the issue of responsible government.

De Cosmos had conducted a long and bitter feud with the official oligarchy first established by Douglas and inherited by Seymour. In the British Colonist and in De Cosmos' perpetual orations on public platforms or at Victoria's street corners the western counterpart of the eastern Family Compact was charged with despotism, mismanagement and financial sharp practice.

This was the old fight of York, Quebec and Halifax all over again, the same fight waged by Sam Adams in Boston, Jefferson in Virginia and countless North Americans from Jamestown and Plymouth onward. De Cosmos and his ardent little coterie had replaced upon a small but strategically vital stage such actors as William Lyon Mackenzie, Papineau, Baldwin and Riel.

The Lover of the World, though violent in speech, was a man of peace. He counted on the intelligence of the people at the ballot box. And against all apparent logic he viewed British Columbia as the final and decisive ingredient of the Canadian state.

Such was Macdonald's erratic, theatrical but brilliant ally in the struggle to complete Confederation. The older master of Canadian politics heard with approval that De Cosmos, scorned by the Governor, had organized the Confederation League and was stumping the country. Then he had called a convention at Yale on the Fraser, roused the handful of delegates with his antique style of eloquence and formed a Confederation Party. Seymour died at this opportune moment and a successor could be appointed to "tighten the screws."

A Message in a Bird Cage

The official recommended by Macdonald for this essential work was Anthony Musgrave, a genial fellow, quiet but firm, with a hard eye, a walrus mustache and a bare, pugnacious chin. Evidently in appointing Musgrave London had made up its wavering mind at last in favor of holding the Pacific colony.

The new Governor's instructions put in more discreet terms the screw-tightening policy urged in Macdonald's more candid dispatches. "Her Majesty's Government anticipate that the interests of every province of British North America would be more advanced by enabling the wealth, credit and intelligence of the whole to be brought to bear on every part than by encouraging each in the contracted policy of taking care of itself, possibly at the expense of its neighbor." In plain terms, Musgrave was to push British Columbia into Confederation without further delay.

He quickly applied the screws. His Legislative Council was assembled in the preposterous red wood pagodas of Victoria (known locally as the Bird Cages) to be acquainted with the policy of the British government. Unhappily, at this great turning point of 1870 the Governor could not appear personally with his message from London, having fallen from his horse and broken his leg. He lay in his cracked and moldering mansion while his speech was read to the Council and crowded galleries by the Colonial Secretary, Philip Hankin.

The breathless Lover of the World and his friends found the speech anticlimactic. It did not grant responsible

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government as they had hoped but promised merely to add two elected members to the governor's council. The stingy concession was greeted by the Confederation Party in "stony silence." But when the Governor proposed that British Columbia join the new Dominion the fragile Bird Cage shook with applause.

As Macdonald had always suspected the annexationists were a minority in British Columbia as in Canada. The majority needed only leadership and a reasonable offer from Ottawa.

Terms of union proposed by Musgrave had been written by the Canadian government but now issued as the official recommendation of London. Canada would take over the colonial debt, would subsidize the colonists at the rate of eighty cents a year per head, pension off the local officials who opposed Confederation lest it destroy their jobs and, unbelievably, would start building a railway to the Pacific Coast within three years, meanwhile finishing a wagon road. These were brave terms almost incredible to the fluttering Bird Cage, perhaps too generous for Canada's resources and altogether better than De Cosmos and his friends had any right to expect.

By promising a railway across the pre-Cambrian wastes, the empty prairies, the Rockies and the Pacific jungle, Old Tomorrow Macdonald had staked the future of Canada on the wildest gamble since the American Revolution.

Even a railway could not impress the annexationists of Victoria. They remained the bursting Bird Cage—grim men, hardheaded, stubborn and all unknown to the busy republic twenty miles across the Straits. Yet their victory or defeat must prove decisive to the future of Manifest Destiny, for it would determine the final division of the continent—if the continent could be permanently divided, which the annexationists doubted.

Dr. J. S. Helmcken, the annexationist leader, put the Confederation issue in a nutshell of geopolitics. "However we are in favor of consolidating British interests, our own interests come first. Imperial interests can afford to wait. Whatever may be the result of the present vote it is impossible to deny the probability of the less being absorbed by the greater and it cannot be regarded as impossible that ultimately not only this colony but the whole Dominion of Canada may well be absorbed by the United States."

"No! No!" cried De Cosmos, but who could deny this plain continental logic? "It is dangerous," Helmcken retorted, callously rubbing in the facts, "to place ourselves at the disposal of superior numbers who must necessarily legislate for the greater number, the people of the Atlantic provinces. No union on account of love need be looked for."

"No! No!" De Cosmos cried again but before he had time to observe that the Americans offered no union of love either and would also legislate for the greater number W. T. Drake leaped up to reveal the ultimate horror of Confederation. "We should be transferred from the rule of statesmen at Downing Street to that of politicians at Ottawa!" What kind of rulers he expected to find in Washington was not clear.

These were the last despairing shrieks of the colonial mind, of the economic determinists, the faint hearts. Men of the same sort had signed the Annexation Manifesto of 1849. They must lean on some outside power, either British or American.

As the Bird Cage fluttered anew Canada found its voice in John Robson, lieutenant to De Cosmos and a mainland newspaper editor of hawk's face and cutting pen, who had once been jailed by Judge Begbie for contempt of court and thus became a popular hero. British Columbia, said Robson, could not always cling to Britain's skirts "like a mendicant's child." Better annexation to the Sandwich Islands or Hindustan than the present dismal plight of a colony whose progress has been like that of the crab—backwards. The hopeless colony must become an exploited appendage of the republic or a prosperous, manly province of Canada.

The Lover of the World had waited impatiently for his chance and now it had come. Standing on this watershed of Canada's life and his own, the prophetic whiskered figure surveyed his work and found it good. "I have assisted," he said, "to make history and this is a page of it! . . . We are here laying the cornerstone of a great nation of the Pacific coast!" It was no time for false modesty. When he finished his ponderous and able speech the decision of the Bird Cage had been made. Confederation was approved almost unanimously by the same assembly which had opposed it only a year before.

Pink-and-Blueprint

A den is the room young newlyweds plan
As the sanctum sanctorum of the man,
And which, by the second or third anniversary
Is often referred to as the nursery.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Eloquence, however, and a few votes cast in a wooden shack beside the Pacific would not build a railway across a continent. If the railway were not built British Columbia must soon tire of Confederation and accept the only alternative of annexation.

No one knew that better than the Government of Canada as it met the delegates of British Columbia in Ottawa.

Cartier (Macdonald being ill) quickly accepted the terms of union proposed by London through Musgrave and already cleared at Ottawa, and managed to improve them in detail. The railway would be started within two years, not three, and finished within ten. That night the delegates sent a triumphant telegram to Victoria: "Terms agreed upon. The delegates are satisfied. Canada is favorable to immediate union and guarantees the railway." The telegram itself bore witness to the Canadian crisis. It was carried westward by American wires.

On the twentieth day of July 1871 British Columbia entered Confederation by unanimous vote of its assembly. Canada stretched from ocean to ocean. ★

THE END

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The Morgue That Sailed From Springbank

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

day she sailed on the Thames River.

Sparkling white, the Victoria glided easily on her course on the first trip of that fateful May 24, 1881. Sailing time wasn't far. The crowd aboard was gay and laughing. Children ran wildly about the decks shouting at farmers working along the shore and startling placid cows drinking at the river's edge. As she slipped into the dipping turn under the Great Western Railway bridge a mile from the city, the passengers waved at travelers aboard a Windsor-bound train.

Another mile downstream the boat put into the Woodland Cemetery dock where several people disembarked to tend relatives' graves. Another mile and the Victoria stopped at Ward's Hotel where London's young sporting bloods gathered to enjoy cock fighting and drinking. At this time of day, however, the only passengers who got off were a few tavern employees who used the boat for commuting. The Victoria continued to the Springbank landing stage where Captain Rankin eased her into the jetty. When her passengers went ashore the Victoria returned to London for another load.

Twice more she made the same round trip without incident. But then, at 3.30 p.m., as she was putting into the mooring basin at the London docks to stand by for her scheduled loading at five o'clock, Rankin saw the Forest City, smallest of the three-boat excursion fleet, aground on a shoal in midstream. The third boat, the Princess Louise, was straining at the Forest City with lines but she refused to budge.

Skirting the sand bar and the two ships, Rankin brought the Victoria into the dock. Coming out of his wheelhouse he shouted to the Forest City's skipper to ask how long the boat had been mired. "She struck just after loading at three o'clock as we were backing away from the dock," the captain replied. "The Princess Louise will stay to help float us free."

The information upset Rankin. The three craft had carried thousands to the park. As yet, at almost 4.30 p.m., few had given a thought to returning. Now, with one boat grounded and a second trying to pull her free, the burden of taking the swollen crowds back to London would fall to the Victoria alone. At that moment Rankin was acutely aware his ship was constructed and licensed to carry no more than four hundred passengers.

Instead of waiting for the scheduled 5 p.m. sailing he decided to cast off immediately. He first persuaded the skipper of the Princess Louise to agree to follow him to Springbank instead of staying with the Forest City.

As the Victoria docked at Springbank several youths leaped from the landing and scrambled over the bulwarks. Then hundreds rushed aboard. Many had been patronizing the park's tavern. Rankin saw the crowd was not only large but rowdy.

He assembled his six-man crew and instructed them: "Walk about and tell people we are overcrowded. Tell them the captain will not sail until many of them leave the boat. There will be more trips coming and all of them will get rides to London if they wait."

"Not more than fifteen or twenty obeyed my commands," Rankin reported later. From the dock George Parish, the cruise manager, was signaling him to take the boat out. Packed to the gunwales with more than six hundred men, women and children, the Victoria left the Springbank dock.

In its natural state the Thames had been a meandering stream nowhere wider than seventy-five feet nor deeper than five. Steamboat navigation had been made possible when a dam was built across the Thames at Springbank in 1879, raising the water level. Londoners recalled the harmless stream and scoffed at suggestions that the deepened river could be dangerous. When the Victoria went into service Londoners joked that the job of a fireman's son hired as a crew member was to shoo drinking cattle from the course. Other wits claimed the boat had once grounded herself while attempting to pass over a tin can lying on the river bed.

John Drennan, a reporter for the London Advertiser, was standing on the Victoria's lower deck on her last voyage. "I don't like the way the boat is rocking," Drennan heard a young father with two small daughters by the hand complain to a friend. "What does it matter?" the friend asked. "If the boat capsizes we can walk to shore—even those two young ones of yours." Minutes later Drennan saw the father, one of his daughters and the friend disappear into twelve feet of water.

As the Victoria nosed out of Springbank under half steam she was taking small rivulets of water over her lower deck but otherwise holding a reasonably steady course. Since she was already loaded past the danger point Captain Rankin refused to put in at Ward's Hotel where several would-be patrons waited. He also refused to stop at Woodland Cemetery.

The Boiler Broke Loose

Just past Woodland high-spirited youths on the upper deck started running from side to side. As more passengers took up the amusement the boat rocked ponderously, swinging farther and farther with each surge. At the end of each swing water gushed over the lower deck and passengers scrambled to the opposite side to avoid wet feet.

In his wheelhouse Rankin was terrified. Two hundred yards upstream the river took a sharp turn north under the Great Western Railway bridge and the current at the spot had thrown a sand spit into the stream. Rankin steered the ship toward the spit, determined to ground his boat and order the passengers off. The steamer was starting to respond when he felt a jar as if the bottom had scraped.

At the same moment the crowd noticed two racing shells off the starboard bow and swarmed to the starboard rail to watch them. The Victoria dipped sharply enough to frighten her passengers, who tried to right her by pressing to her port side. Their weight overbalanced her and she toppled port side down. The cant of the lower deck dislodged the boiler. It crashed through the bulwarks, opening a hole through which water poured by the ton. Steam scalded several on the spot. The pine stanchions supporting the upper deck crumpled and the whole superstructure collapsed, trapping the crowd on the lower level. It was 6 p.m.

Until the moment of the disaster not more than a handful of the six hundred passengers had a premonition of danger. One of those who could sense death in the air was Benjamin Filber, a fourteen-year-old London schoolboy who had saved fifteen cents from his allowance for his excursion fare. Filber survived the wreck and is still actively managing his own general store in Ubly, Mich., at the age of eighty-seven.

"I was riding on the upper deck when

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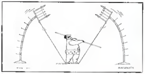

the boat started to rock," he recalls. "Some of the passengers thought the rolling motion was great fun. They even started to sing One More River to Cross. I went down to the lower deck so that if the worst came I would be nearer the water and could swim. I was standing beside the pile of cordwood and talking to a policeman and after several bad lurches we decided to swim for shore. As soon as we were in the water the boat took a violent lurch and started to go down. The policeman and I were far enough away by this time that we were not trapped in the falling wreckage."

Biller was a poor swimmer and barely made the seventy-five yards to land. He and the policeman gathered boards lying along the bank and flung them into the water to assist those struggling to shore. Biller and a young friend started into the city with news of the disaster.

Some of the first survivors ashore were met by the farmer on whose field they landed. Unfeelingly he ordered them from his land. But his bluster soon faded when John Mitchelltree, a strapping butcher, coolly surveyed him, called for a rod of rope and cast his eye about for a convenient branch to hang it from.

At the time of the disaster Frank Moore was driving a horse-drawn hack to London along the banks of the Thames. His passenger was John (later Sir John) Carling, London MP and founder of the Carling Brewing and Malting Company, who had spent the afternoon at Springbank. Moore later recalled: "We saw the Victoria on its way to the London wharf. There was a great merry crowd aboard and we could hear them laughing and singing and having a gay time generally.

"We lost sight of the boat just for a couple of minutes or so. There was a rise—a kind of hump in the contour of the land—that obstructed our view. And while we were driving around it we heard the most fearful sudden terrible wails and cries and shouts. It rings in my ears—the day was so beautiful and everything was so happy and all holiday-like and then came those awful wails."

On Carling's instructions Moore ran the hack close to the riverbank. "The victims were fighting like mad things," Moore reminisced. "The worst thing was to see mothers and fathers trying to reach down and pull up their children who had been crowded under and were drowning. Then the parents beat and pulled each other down. They were walking—yes walking—on each other!" Moore attributed the heavy loss of life to the frantic scramble.

Carling and the hack driver helped many survivors ashore. At Carling's suggestion Moore used the hack to ferry several women to their homes. Moore drove to the city so fast that one of his two horses died that night.

Two sisters who had made the excursion cruise alone, nine-year-old Henrietta and twelve-year-old Mabel Hogan, were hurled from the upper deck into the water. Mabel sank immediately. Henrietta lunged and grasped her by a ribbon about her throat but the child was stunned and could do nothing to support herself. She sank again before her sister's eyes. A priest returned the hysterical youngster, still clutching the sodden ribbon, to her parents. The boat's purser, Alfred Wastie, and Herbert Parish, sixteen-year-old sons of the builder and the trunk manager, perished in the wreck.

By 6.30 news of the disaster had reached the city and started a stampede to the scene. One of the first to reach the river was a robust butcher, John Courtis, who worked in a shop near the London wharf. Courtis threw off his shoes and shirt and waded into the water, scooping up bodies of victims and carting them ashore. Many of the ship's passengers had saved themselves by clinging to the wreck of the Victoria until some of the congestion in the water cleared. Courtis helped many of these ashore. While he pulled the bodies of friends and acquaintances from the river Courtis was spared the horror of finding one of his own family but was himself a victim of the Victoria. The exertions of his work coupled with the cold water gave him pneumonia and he died two weeks later.

Searching the Rows of Dead

Five minutes after the Victoria overturned the Princess Louise, which had followed her to Springbank, came in sight. Her captain ran her ashore and discharged his load.

The Princess Louise was turned into a floating morgue and by 10 p.m. a hundred and fifty-seven bodies were removed from the river and placed aboard. It was an eerie scene with petroleum-soaked torches and huge bonfires throwing grotesque shadows as workers toiled to load the gruesome cargo. Police Chief W. T. T. Williams had mounted a three-man detail on the morgue boat to prevent looting or removal of bodies before identification could be made.

John Mitchell, a blacksmith of [illegible], searched the riverbank in vain for the body of his thirteen-year-old daughter Priscilla. Now he mounted the gangway of the Princess Louise to look for her there. He thrust aside constable William Hodge and searched the rows of dead. He found her lying beside the body of an old man whose arm had fallen loosely about her neck. Tenderly Mitchell lifted the child's body in his arms and walked from the boat.

Another frantic parent was Jake Brown, a piano tuner. That morning his twelve-year-old son John had begged to be allowed to spend the day at the park. Against his better judgment Brown had sent the boy off with a picnic lunch under his arm. Brown hurled himself into the recovery work and rushed to see each body as it was retrieved from the water. John was not

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to be found. Throughout the night Brown stayed, whipping his tired body to work.

At dawn he returned home and was pouring out his grief to his wife when the boy walked in, dirty, dishevelled but showing no sign of having been in the water. When taut nerves calmed the story came out: as he set out that morning the boy had changed his mind, decided to go by train to Port Stanley, had missed the last train home and had walked the entire twenty five miles to London.

While retrieving of bodies proceeded many of the rescued found themselves reliving the incidents leading to the disaster. Most agreed that had the upper-deck crowd not seen the rowing race, the tragedy might have been averted.

Harry Nicholls and Michael Ready, the unwitting triggers of that final rocking of the Victoria, were ardent oarsmen, both members of the Forest City Rowing Club. During the afternoon of May 21 they had been practising on the stretch of river between the clubhouse dock adjoining the London steamer wharf and Springbank. Most of the afternoon's rowing had been routine training but occasionally they would stage impromptu races. They were heading for the clubhouse when the Victoria wobbled up just at six o'clock. "Let's give them a race," Ready shouted and the two shells streaked upstream. The two scullers were horrified as they watched the Victoria heel over and collapse. They swung their shells around and glided close to the wreck. Each man pulled survivors onto his light craft and stroked for shore. More than fifteen were saved in this manner.

A Second Son Drowned

Those passengers who were thrown clear had the best chance to save themselves. John Fitzpatrick, a railway baggageman, saved his wife, daughter and baby granddaughter by taking a woman under each arm, grasping the baby's clothes in his teeth and then floating and flutter-kicking his way to shore. A five-year-old girl saved herself by grabbing hold of Thomas Atwood's long white beard and being towed to safety.

The collapse of the boat was a complete surprise to James Perkins. Listening to the chatter of his eight-year-old son Jimmy, Perkins was caught off guard. He and his son were thrown from their lower-deck seats and were separated in the water. Perkins saw a boy he thought was his son bobbing about several feet from him. An excellent swimmer, he reached the boy in two strokes. Grabbing the child under the chin he fought his way to shore. Pulling the lad up the bank he laid him on the grass and screamed in anguish: he had rescued the wrong boy. Jimmy, whose body was not found until two days later, was the second son Perkins had lost in drowning accidents. Two years earlier an older boy had perished.

The Princess Louise returned to London at 10 p.m. with her cargo of a hundred and fifty-seven dead. Men worked on through the night and another eighteen bodies had been recovered by eight o'clock the following morning. Another four were pulled to the surface that day. Artillery pieces from the London Field Battery were fired over the wreck in the belief that explosions would raise sunken bodies. The experiment was a failure.

During the next five days rowboats with grappling hooks and pike poles probed the river depths for more victims, the Springbank dam was opened to lower the water and help the search. Two more bodies were brought ashore. The total reached a hundred and eighty-one. A medical student, writing to a London paper, hotly denied the rumor that students had stolen bodies for dissection.

On May 25 London began to bury her dead. A note in the London Free Press told of hackmen raising their customary rates, of liverymen charging five dollars for one and a half hours service and of draymen demanding all sort of exorbitant fees, at least one getting as high as ten dollars for two hours. One wagon owner hit on a grisly C.O.D. plan. He spent May 25 hauling from the disaster scene bodies of victims he recognized. When he delivered the body to the victim's family he would claim a fee. In one instance he drew up in front of a victim's home to find that the family was absent at the river searching their son. Undismayed, the wagon driver lifted the body from his cart, pushed it through an open window and left.

The funerals of twenty-three-year-old Willie Glass and his nineteen-year-old sweetheart Fanny Cooper were held from the separate homes but blended into one procession on the way to the cemetery. The young couple were to have been married two weeks from the day of the wreck. Today in Mount Pleasant Cemetery they rest in adjoining graves. A single headstone supporting a tall pillared arch covers the graves. The inscription, "They were lovely in their lives," begins on one pillar and continues, "and in death they were not divided," on the other.

A hastily formed citizens committee met on May 25 to plan a suitable memorial. John Carling and John Labatt, also a brewer, were members. First plans favored a stone monument in a city park but the apparent need of many families whose breadwinners had died in the disaster wrote an end to this. One committee member commented, "The families of the victims are crying for bread. How ridiculous to offer them a stone!"

Some months later a subscription, taken among the parents who lost children in the disaster, raised a sum to erect a small brick building on the grounds of the Protestant Orphans' Home in north London. For fifty years the cottage was used by the orphanage as an infirmary and school. A lintel stone above the front door carried the simple inscription "In Memoriam May 1881." Twenty years ago when the orphanage sold some of its property the cottage was razed. Today the only public monument to the disaster is a small cairn erected in 1916 by the London and Middlesex Historical Society at the site of the sinking.

Public outcry and official reaction to the tragedy condemned the Forest City. Her rotting hulk lies on the river bed at the old landing stage in Springbank Park where she was tied up. For years the huge steel-plated boiler which crashed through the Victoria's hull rested on the river bed beside her. Several generations of small boys used it as a diving tower while swimming.

On June 1, seven days after the Victoria capsized, Coroner Dr. J. R. Flock assembled a jury to inquire into the disaster. The case for the jury's consideration was the manner in which Fanny Cooper met her death. Incredibly, the verdict did not mention Fanny Cooper nor any of the other victims. Instead the jury parceled out responsibility for the wreck to Captain Rankin, George Parish, the Victoria's engineer, and the steamboat inspector who passed her as fit.

In part the verdict read: "We do find that the capsizing of the steamer Vic-

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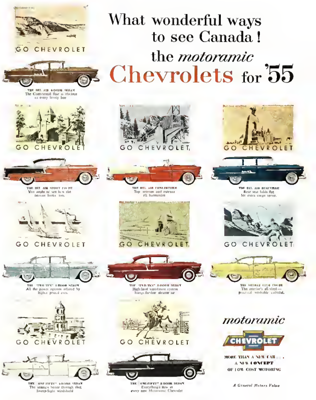
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tom was caused by water in the hold. We believe this water leaked from a hole in the bottom from some unknown cause. We suppose that this injury was caused by coming in contact with a stone or snag in the river. (At the time of the wreck Captain Rankin said the boat jarred just before she capsized. Subsequent examination of the raised hull confirmed that the hull had been punctured.) We are also convinced that the boiler was not securely fastened and that the stanchions supporting the hurricane and promenade decks were too slender and made chiefly of pine and not properly braced."

The jury found the ship's engineer guilty of neglecting to inform Rankin of the boat's condition. Rankin too was censured for not inspecting his boat before leaving Springbank. But in both these criticisms the jury overlooked testimony which proved that Rankin, as captain, was well aware of his ship's condition; he had refused to sail with the overloaded ship until ordered to do so by Parish. In his turn Parish was criticized for not hiring a wheelsman. The jury felt this lack took Rankin's attention from the safety of his ship and passengers. The steamship inspector was found at fault for his inspection of the boat.

The verdict found little favor with the press. One of the sharpest criticisms came from a Toronto Globe editorial: "The verdict of the coroner's jury is by no means satisfactory. The death of Miss Cooper was entirely ignored and it is impossible to discover whether the jury believed she perished as the result of carelessness or negligence of individuals. The capsizing of the boat is said to have been caused by water in the hold, a finding that in our opinion is very ill supported by the evidence."

As Rankin and Parish were leaving the courtroom they were arrested on charges of manslaughter but released on $1,000 bail each. The case came before the Middlesex Grand Jury at the fall assizes which opened in London on Sept. 10. On Sept. 22 the grand jury handed down its verdict: it refused to indict the two men. Rankin and Parish were freed.

Almost overlooked at the time was the most curious aspect of the whole case. It concerned the inspection of the Victoria and the subsequent issuance of a license for her operation as a passenger-carrying vessel.

On May 22, 1880, while Captain Wastie was still operating her, the Victoria was inspected by a government man from Toronto. Wastie was given verbal clearance permitting him to sail for the season. Through a governmental mix-up the actual certificate of seaworthiness did not arrive until October of the same year although the expiry date was already marked as May 22, 1881—two days before the disaster. By the time the license arrived Parish had assumed control of the boat.

On the morning of the wreck the collector of customs at London approached Parish at the city docks and demanded to see his license. "I have it at my home but I assure you it is in order," Parish replied. Later his defense was that he assumed the certificate was good for one year from the time he had received it; he thought it expired in October, 1881. Was Parish honestly mistaken about the license or did he know the facts and ignore them? The coroner's jury made no effort to find out. But the plain truth was staring them in the face: When the Victoria, loaded with six hundred passengers, went down with the loss of a hundred and eighty-one lives she was sailing illegally. ★

The Hon. Porter of the Parlor Car

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Ma Femme and pausing to ask if the woman with the baby would like its bottle warmed up in the kitchen.

Baby-kissing candidates find in Bourque a wily opponent. A more practical campaigner, he often helps change diapers. If a mother and small child come in to the diner when things aren't too busy, he'll sit and rock the baby in his arms while the mother eats her meal.

Sometimes the babies hurl their nursing bottles to the floor and milk is spilled on the lush wall-to-wall carpet. The mothers are humiliated but they're soon put at ease. "Don't worry," Bourque says soothingly as he mops up the damage. "I've seven of my own at home. I know all about it."

One thing he refuses to do. He will not talk politics while on duty. It's often hard to avoid doing so, for Nova Scotians have an enormous zest for political argument, especially near election time.

Strangers are often confused by Bourque's quick changes of costume. The conductor vanishes from the car. In his place a new man appears, vaguely familiar but wearing an entirely different uniform. Brass buttons have given place to the white coat of the waiter. He moves down the aisle announcing, "First call for lunch."

Sometimes, too, he exchanges his single-breasted waiter's white coat for the double-breasted white coat of a chef. Taking over from chef Paul Amirault he prepares some creamed lobster on toast, a favorite with tourists.

The buffet parlor car is divided into two sections. The main body of the car, with its twenty-two movable armchairs upholstered in green brocade, and a four-table diner in the rear, lined by the observation platform. Connecting the two sections is a narrow passage that passes the tiny inferno of a kitchen. There in a space six by four feet are a three-burner gas stove, a gas grill for toast, fish or meat, an icebox for fruit and greens, and a refrigerator for fish and meat. Yet from this small space Bourque and Amirault have served as many as a hundred and ninety-one meals on a single trip.

It was as chef when starting on his parlor-car career that Bourque gained a sudden insight into the value of extemporaneous public speaking. Cooking he found wasn't enough. If the waiter moved blankly about among the tables scarcely venturing a timid "yes sir," the most ingenious of salads, created from lobsters fresh from Yarmouth Bar, were devoured sadly and with a sigh. Something was lacking—that subtle *aperitif* of mood.

One day while the waiter was busy carrying luggage out to the vestibule Bourque undertook to do his own serving. As he entered the diner the train was rounding a sharp bend on the approaches to Digby and the car gave a sudden lurch. He was thrown off balance. Pea soup flooded the tablecloth. He had to say something, and quickly. Hastily he concocted a wisecrack about his clumsiness, while casting about for some genteel means of blotting the puddle. The diners looked on with interest. Napkins were volunteered. He was cheered on, absolved from blame. The whole atmosphere of the car had changed. Customers beamed over the soiled napery.

Bourque has consistently proved the loquacious approach effective. "Speak to them, say something—anything—to show you're friendly," he says, "—and don't wait ten minutes before you say it. If you hold your tongue they'll soon take notice of the tiniest smudge on your white coat."

His motto is a simple one: Make them feel at home. Most of the traveling public he finds, are lonely or ill at ease. They're tense. He bends all his efforts toward making them relax.

Two bobbysoxers take their places at a table. They are painfully self-conscious, acutely aware of the naval officer from HMCS Cornwallis seated across the aisle. The girls sit very stiffly, heads bowed over their menus. It's quite an ordeal. And here comes this imposing official in the white coat to observe their every move. One of them leans forward and whispers, "What are you going to order?"

Bourque recognizes the tremulous note of the fledgling. Observes the unwavering eyes fixed on the menu, unwilling to risk a stray glance across the aisle. He moves in quickly. "I wonder if the young ladies would mind doing me a favor," he says as he fills one of the water glasses from a carafe. "We're a little crowded today for table space. Would it be asking too much if you sat across the aisle with the gentleman? Do you mind, sir?"

The officer springs into action. There is a great pulling out and pushing in of chairs, and the girls discover that the officer isn't really so terribly old—not more than twenty, surely.

"That's so good of you," says Bourque, beaming over his little group while the apple orchards whirl by outside the window. "It's easy to see you people are used to traveling. That kind never give us any trouble."

The girls flash him a grateful smile and heave a faintly perceptible sigh of relief as they unfold their napkins.

Loneliness, Bourque has found, is not confined to the traveling public. All through the Annapolis Valley and down the French Shore people stand by their back doors waiting for this train to go by for a glimpse of the white-coated figure waving from the observation platform. And Liberal, Conservative or CCF, they all wave back to the member from Yarmouth County. One old man in Windsor has been waving to him from his kitchen window for almost five years. Bourque has no idea who he is.

Services such as this, rendered day after day for eleven years, had built up a political asset of considerable proportions. But Bourque was quite unconscious of it. It was all in a day's work. When he was approached to run in the provincial election of 1953 he didn't know what to say.

As a matter of fact his opportunity to run for the legislature was literally a part of the day's work. Here's how it happened.

During the Easter recess in 1953

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William H. Brown, senior Progressive Conservative M.L.A. for Yarmouth County and Conservative whip, was returning to Yarmouth in Bourque's dining car with several other Conservative bigwigs. With an election approaching they were discussing the choice of a running mate for Brown. Many names were suggested but all were vetoed for one reason or another.

Just when the group was stymied the train passed a farmhouse. A pretty woman waved from the back door. Bourque waved back.

"Who was that?" Brown asked Bourque. "I don't know," was the reply. "I just wave to her every day."

Brown pondered this for a moment. "Say," he said, "you must know an awful lot of people on this job of yours—or an awful lot of people must know you. Why don't you run for us in the election? You'd draw a big personal vote."

Bourque said he couldn't afford to run but he suggested some other French-speaking Nova Scotians who were better off financially and better educated than he. Brown went to see them but couldn't persuade any of them to run.

A few evenings later Brown came to Bourque's home and again suggested that he stand for nomination. Bourque's wife treated the proposal as a joke at first. But when she realized that Brown was serious she became alarmed. She said her husband wasn't fitted to serve in the legislature and certainly couldn't afford to associate with the legislative crowd.

Finally she consented to let him stand for nomination, no doubt feeling sure he didn't stand a chance. But he was nominated unanimously and won his seat by four hundred votes.

Bourque probably took the plunge after Brown convinced him he'd make more money with the sessional indemnity added to his railway wages. He finds now that this plan was a fallacy. His indemnity totals thirty-six hundred dollars but he draws no pay at all from the railway while the legislature is in session. As a parlor car conductor he earns an average $275 a month.

"I have to live as high as the other members," he says, "so that when the session is over I have less cash than I would have had if I had stayed on the job." He has to do the things expected of a member—take constituents to dinner, dress well, spend as much as a hundred dollars a year on Christmas cards alone.

But the Conservatives feel they made a good choice. They've got an Acadian as Brown's running mate. The new member has a winning personality, he's not backward in expressing his views, he's public spirited and popular with his Acadian neighbors.

If Bourque had any leaning for provincial politics before his nomination he said nothing about it. But he was a school trustee at Tusket, the village of three hundred people where he lives, and secretary of the community's fire department.

Bourque's wife, Bernadine, is an Acadian too. At Surette Island near their home at Tusket, once a prosperous shipbuilding centre, is the grave of the last surviving member of the deported Acadians, who died in 1861 at a hundred and ten. The five Bourque boys and two girls range from the thirteen-year-old twin boys down to the three-year-old, also a boy.

All the Bourques are singers and Raymond himself used to play the guitar. His six-year-old son David came second in a singing competition at the 1954 Yarmouth Music Festival.

Although Bourque will occasionally whip up a cake at home he finds he cooks better on the train. "I'll make a cake on the train," he says, "and it'll rise like a dream. But if I try it at home it'll sag in the middle and lose its texture. I guess the bumping of the cars makes the cakes turn out better. The stove at home is too still."

Like practically all Nova Scotian Acadians Bourque is bilingual. His English is formal and precise, well adapted for platform speaking. But his French is conversational. With his French audiences he felt more at home in wharfside fish sheds, his listeners sitting on lobster pots, or in a corner store chatting around a beehive stove.

This, it turned out, was exactly the right approach. The Acadians are a sociable people who enjoy house-to-house cookie-jar parties where everybody sings. In Bourque they found a candidate with just the same tastes and who could accompany himself on the guitar. He likes to sing cowboy and railway songs.

At his wife's urging he decided to write out his first speech in English, to be delivered at Hebron. After a well-turned introduction he found the sentences grew more and more elaborate, studded with words drawn from the extensive crossword puzzle vocabulary he'd picked up doing newspaper puzzles on the train. Time sped on while he worked at the speech. He was due at the hall in a few minutes and had only two pages written.

In despair he tore the whole thing up and walked to the stage to deliver a straightforward declaration of why he was there. "I'm not going to say I can make you millionaires in two weeks because I can't," he said. "All I can do is represent you in the best way I know how."

A Parlor Car Bird Watcher

In his maiden address in the legislature he spoke in the same manner, talking about the things he knew best. He spoke about the Yarmouth-Bar Harbor ferry, secondary roads in his constituency, the fishing industry. Commenting on the importance of promoting markets for fish he concluded his speech with a recipe for pan frying fish. The House gave him a big hand.

In House debates on education Bourque invariably takes up cudgels for the overworked student, a sympathy gained from fraternizing with rural high-school students who attend Windsor Academy and commute by train. Every morning at Mount Uniacke and Newport he goes forward into the coach cars to have a chat with them and every morning he finds them with their homework unfinished. If he doesn't go forward, they come looking for him seeking help with their French lesson.

Debates in the legislature on forestry and wildlife hold a special appeal for him. When he's working the train he entertains his passengers by a parlor-car species of bird watching. Between Wolfville and Hantsport he tells them to look for pheasants, which abound in the orchards and grainfields. Between Ellershouse and Mount Uniacke in the deer season he predicts when the train will pass a six-point buck or two does and exactly where they'll be.

This trick really puzzles the passengers. He manages it with the co-operation of conductor A. R. Moore who comes through as far as Kentville on a morning local from Halifax. On the way up Moore keeps a lookout for deer and notes down the location of any he happens to see. In the afternoon he joins the crew of the Yarmouth train to return to Halifax, and tips Bourque off. The animals seldom change their position. They'll still be browsing in the same grove of wild apple trees. The train doesn't seem to bother them. Moose and bear are not so accommodating.

While he's in the House Bourque misses these journeys across the province. They help keep him in touch with the winds of public opinion. Occasionally he'll hear passengers discussing his political qualifications with brutal frankness, blissfully unaware that their member is at that very moment emptying the ash tray.

Sometimes when the House debates are less sparkling than usual he slips over to the railway station after the evening train comes in from Yarmouth and seeks out the bunk end of Buffet Parlor 6614, shunted off on a siding for the night. If there's a light still burning he'll climb on board out of sheer loneliness. The silver sugar bowls always need polishing.

Except during the seven weeks the House is in session this is where he lives on the Halifax end of the run. Here while the shunter yanks his home off to the turntable he makes up his accounts, checks his inventory of cigarettes, soft drinks, beer and ale which can be had only with meals, and then takes off his shoes and stretches out in one of the green armchairs. But not for long!

A tap comes at the window. It's one of his constituents. "How about landing a job as deck hand on the Bar Harbor ferry? Be awful nice to get back to the old folks at Sand Beach. Suppose there's any chance?"

Then there are letters to be answered, queries, petitions. A mother begs him to look up her son who's working on the Halifax waterfront. She's not heard from him in six months; she's afraid he's drinking again. Couldn't Bourque do something to make the boy mend his ways?

After an hour or two of this he may find time to drop in on the bingo game at St. Mary's hall for a few minutes. Then at 10.30 back to the parlor car. He moves aside two tables in the diner, unfolds a canvas cot and turns in for the night.

At the other end of the line, on the three evenings he spends at home, he's just as accessible. In the morning at precisely 7.15 he hails neighbor Henry Devine who drives from Tusket in a half-ton truck to his job at Carter's Service Station in Yarmouth. Bourque clambers on the back of the truck, which is furnished with two wooden benches he shares with six other commuters, three of them women.

At the railway yard in Yarmouth he boards his parlor car, changes to his train uniform, shines his shoes, sets his tables, and eats a light breakfast of toast and coffee with perhaps a bowl of cereal. Then after the train backs in to the station he stands on the platform to receive passengers.

In the summer the tourists from Boston arrive off the boat, bracing themselves for the rigors of a Canadian vacation. As the train winds its way up through the French Shore past Meteghan and Saulnierville and Weymouth the buzzers begin to ring. "Why are we going so slow?" the tourists enquire.

"Why?" Bourque exclaims. "Look out the window. This lovely seascape. Isn't it a shame to pass it by too quickly? Relax! Enjoy the scenery. It's all included in the price of your ticket."

At Grand Pré the train passes within

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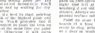

C-I-L PAINTS

Not even the most enthusiastic do-it-yourselfer will claim that painting the outside of a house is an easy job. But there are ways to save yourself time, work and money.

Use the best paint you can buy. The paint itself is by far the smallest part of the cost of a painting job and so-called "bargain" paint is dear at any price. Good quality paint hides better, covers more surface and lasts longer.

Read the directions on the can. That sounds elementary, but a lot of folks fail to do it, then blame the paint if it doesn't brush out well or give the coverage they expect.

Never paint over a damp surface. Moisture is the greatest enemy of a durable, long-lasting paint job. Try not to paint on hot, humid days. You'll gain in the end by waiting for dry, cooler weather.

Usually it's best to start painting at the peak of the highest gable end, work down. You'll probably find it more convenient to paint the trim on the gables at the same time you paint the siding. Otherwise it will mean more trips up and down the ladder. With that exception, avoid working with two colors at the same time.

When painting clapboard siding, paint the lower edges first. Then paint the flat surface. Start by daubing the paint on. Then spread it by rather short right and left strokes and finish brushing it out with longer sweeping strokes. Always work into the freshly painted surface rather than out of it.

Paint no more than five to eight boards at a time, and when you're ready to stop, paint first to a corner or a door or window frame. In that way you'll avoid "lap marks" which practically always show if you stop anywhere on the wall for more than a few minutes.

(Advertisement)

night at the church where the Acadians were rounded up before being transported and of the wishing well immortalized in Longfellow's Evangeline. The tourists have all sorts of questions to ask. Did Evangeline eventually find her lost lover Gabriel? Are the original French willows still growing at Grand Pré? Is Evangeline's home still to be seen?

Bourque tells them that Evangeline found Gabriel on his death bed in the Philadelphia poorhouse, that the willows are still there, that the English burned and razed every home in Grand Pré during the expulsion and since Evangeline was a fictional character anyway she could hardly have an original home.

Bourque moves about his car, briefing tourists on how best to get a snapshot of the Memorial Park and when to start their movie cameras going. When the train begins skirting the Grand Pré dikeland meadow with its herds of grazing Shorthorns and Cape Blomidon off to the north, he is visibly moved by the story he tells and speaks eloquently.

One man, unconvinced that Evangeline was not real, said to him, "Well son, I still don't believe you, but I'll say this much. You've got quite a convincing line of patter. The government should put you in charge of their tourist business. Too bad you're not in the legislature."

"I am," said Bourque quietly.

The man rose, chuckling. "Sorry I haven't time to hear this one," he said, pointing to the luggage he wanted carried out. "Sounds like quite a yarn."

He was still chuckling to himself as he stepped off the train and pushed a quarter into Bourque's hand. ★

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How Taylors Thwart The Safecrackers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

nitro seals the crack around the door with soap or adhesive tape leaving an opening at the top into which he pours the explosive liquid. It flows down one side and along the bottom of the door. An electrically detonated cap such as prospectors use—also easy to obtain—is set at the opening. Several feet of wire is attached to the cap. A couple of flashlight batteries will serve to set off the charge.

To combat the nitro menace Taylors at first lined their safe doors with felt. But this merely absorbed the explosive and made a bigger bang than ever. By 1877 Taylors caught on and began to line the doors with hard rubber. This has been used ever since.

Safecrackers quickly took up other refinements as they became available. They used acetylene torches, then electric drills, burning or drilling through the dial of a safe or through the side or back. When a hole was made they used a pry—a crowbar or a railway tie bar—to enlarge it. This is called peeling a safe.

As the torch-and-drill specialists went to work on their safes, Taylors designed other safes to thwart them. Today the best burglar-resistant safes have laminated metal walls. On the outside there is a layer of hard steel to withstand drilling, but such high-carbon steel tends to crack under a heavy hammer, so next to it there is a layer of soft steel. This is easy to drill but hard to hammer or chisel through. Next to that there is a layer of copper which greatly increases the work of torch users. Copper diffuses heat so quickly that the job of cutting through it with an acetylene flame is usually long and laborious. Finally there is a layer of zinc, which has all the characteristics of a stink bomb when exposed to heat. It gives off fumes so strong that a safecracker trying to burn through it couldn't go on working without a gas mask.

Although Taylors is called on to repair or replace many of the safes wrecked by safecrackers, the company has no exact check on how it's making out in the unending battle with burglars. In most Canadian police reports safecracking is lumped with all other breaking-and-entering crimes, so there is no official record of how many safes and vaults are attacked and how many are opened. But Taylors is pretty sure that the burglars aren't nearly as effective as they might be if they knew as much about safecracking as Taylor's own experts.

For instance, there are oxygen mixtures known to a few experts in welding that could burn through a safe in a quarter the time required for ordinary acetylene. And there are carbon bits used by some machinists that could drill through a safe wall with ease. But such techniques are still believed to be in the hands of honest men. Taylors has a small staff of such experts whose job is actually to crack their company's own safes.

They work in a service department that is often called on to open safes for customers who have forgotten the combinations. All safes leave the factory with the same combination but with instructions to the customer on how to change it to one that only he will know. Often a customer changes the combination and promptly forgets what he changed it to, so he calls Taylors.

The Taylor service experts do most of their safecracking with electric drills—but only after dialing has failed. Often they can open a safe by figuring how a customer would go about changing his combination.

Gerry Bateman, a veteran service expert for Taylors, explains: "We ask what the previous combination was, and in most cases assume that the customer merely raised the numbers for each turn by five or ten or twenty, or lowered them by the same amount. They often do that. So we try a few guesses and it often works. Or perhaps the customer will remember the first number of the new combination and we try to guess the others."

In 1951 at Kingston Penitentiary the warden set the safe in his office at a new combination, then forgot it. He figured the time it would take a Taylor expert to come from Toronto, then called for two or three safecrackers who were spending time in the prison.

Each fiddled with the dial for more than an hour, then called for nitroglycerine. Instead the warden sent for a Taylor man. When the expert arrived in Kingston he asked for the previous combination of the safe and had it open in twenty minutes.

It Takes a Whole Day to Dial

But there is a large element of chance in dialing the correct combination, and in emergencies the serviceman doesn't even try it. They rely on drilling. Several years ago Taylors got a phone call from the Toronto police who reported that a charwoman was locked in a vault in a downtown office. A three-man drilling crew was sent to the office where a hysterical stenographer said she had accidentally locked the door when the charwoman was sweeping inside the vault.

The crew started drilling right away and released the woman in less than an hour, before the air in the vault had given out.

"You can't be smart and try dialing in a case like that," one Taylor expert said. "Usually a safe is set on numbers ending in five or zero. That's because the dial is graduated with bolder markings for those numbers and it's human nature to use them. You can go through all the combinations of those numbers in seven hours on a three-wheel lock and twenty-four hours on a four-wheeler. But that might be too long to wait."

A similar incident occurred several years ago at Osgoode Hall, the Ontario law school in Toronto. A clerk was locked in the vault and calls went out to the police, fire department, a welding company and a doctor. All these people milled around in confusion until someone thought of phoning Taylors. Gerry Bateman arrived and all eyes turned on him as he approached the door of the safe. "Shades of Jimmy Dale!"

"Can you hear me in there?" Bateman called.

"Yes."

"Do you know the combination?"

"Yes."

"Fine, let's have it."

Bateman had the door open in a few seconds.

But it's not always that easy. Three years ago Taylors sent service expert Bill Creighton to Shefferville, Que., to open a safe at the Imperial Bank of Canada. The locking bolt had stuck in the locked position. It was just before Christmas and the safe contained the cash to pay two hundred miners for their month's work. With the permission of the bank manager the impatient miners had already attacked the safe with acetylene torches when Creighton arrived by air from Quebec City.

He decided to drill the safe but there wasn't room to work in the bank. The miners promptly hauled the safe to the mine company office. There, with two hundred enthusiastic rubbernecks cheering him on, Creighton got the safe open in an hour.

Many people have admired the handiwork of Taylor's safecracking experts—and not all of them with motives as pure as those of the Shefferville miners. Both Creighton and Bateman have been approached by shady characters looking for "a partner who knows his way around a combination lock." The stock answer to such suggestions, says Bateman, is to say, "It's a good thing we're both honest men," and walk away. No Taylor employee has ever been accused of complicity in any safe burglary.

At one time in the Nineties at Taylor's Toronto factory noonday prayer meetings were held each Wednesday for the workers. But this was not so much to ward off the devil's temptation in their work as it was to satisfy the naturally pious disposition of some of the workers.

Today Taylor safes are sold by eighteen salesmen working from offices in Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver. They have all kinds of customers. During the war Taylors made a lead-lined safe for Toronto General Hospital to store radium. The firm supplies tabernacle safes to scores of Roman Catholic churches for the safekeeping of the Holy Eucharist. Papal edict made each parish priest responsible for these after several cases of theft by crooks.

Veteran Taylor employees recall the day in 1914 when Sir William Mulock, after loitering outside the factory for

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ON DISPLAY NOW AT YOUR JEWELLER'S

JASPER By Simpkins

A swim always makes me as hungry as a bear!

some time finally came in and ordered a heavy steel door with a combination lock to be fitted to his wine cellar. The Ontario Temperance Act had just come into force.

One Montreal man ordered a wall safe just big enough to hold his postage-stamp albums. Another customer wanted a miniature model to store a rolled up painting of his grandfather. Still another in northern Ontario ordered a half-ton burglar-proof safe and asked that it be sent in parts so that his neighbors wouldn't know what he was buying. He intended to put it together himself. When Taylor's replied that such a safe wouldn't be very burglar-proof the man agreed to a compromise. The safe was shipped to another town eighty miles away and he picked it up there with a truck.

The first Taylor safes in Canada were made by brothers John and James Taylor, two Englishmen who had worked as safe makers in New York and then founded a business in Toronto. In 1875 they sold out to Thomas Saunders, a bookkeeper, and Robert Bum, a merchant, although James Taylor stayed on as plant superintendent. When he died the factory had no master mechanic so Saunders persuaded a cousin in Buffalo, Thomas West, to come to Canada and take over.

Six months after West arrived Saunders died and Bum retired to Switzerland. West became boss and was largely responsible for building the firm to its present preeminent position among safe makers in Canada, although not without competition. At one point in the Eighties two employees, Wilbur McBride and W. T. Walker, set up a firm called J. Taylor Toronto Safe Works, and tried to steal the original firm's business. They even got Taylor orders by bribing a postman.

At that time Taylor's was manufacturing its first fireproof safe, a light steel box inside another light steel box with an air space and a lining of fire clay in between. Such safes are not intended to be burglar-proof, but McBride and Walker bought one, assembled several prominent businessmen and read from a Taylor catalogue extolling the virtues of the Taylor burglar-proof safe. Then with a cold chisel and hammer they ripped the outside of the fireproof safe and easily opened the wall.

Taylor's replied with an exhibition showing the value of a fireproof safe. They placed bank notes and a bag of gunpowder inside the safe and set it on a bonfire. The outside walls turned red, after they cooled the bank notes and gunpowder were taken out and triumphantly displayed to the crowds watching the display.

In the fire that destroyed a large section of Toronto in 1904 forty fireproof Taylor safes were taken from the ruins, some with their doors fused by the heat. The contents of all forty were undamaged. In the Rimouski and Cabano fires in Quebec in 1952 thirty Taylor safes again survived the flames.

In northern Ontario a few years ago a hotel burned and the proprietor called for a Taylor serviceman to open a safe lying in the wreckage. When the Taylor expert arrived the hotelman asked him to wait until the next day before drilling. The next day he tried to postpone the work again.

"He was afraid of what he'd had in the safe," says J. M. West, son of Thomas West and vice-president of Taylor's. "The Taylor expert went ahead anyway. When the safe was opened the hotelman reached in and with trembling fingers withdrew thirty thousand dollars in bank notes, undamaged. He sat down on the ground and wept."

Fireproof safes are easy for safe burglars to open. Taylor's is always reminding its customers that they should have burglar-proof safes to protect valuables against theft and fireproof safes to safeguard their documents in the event of fire. But burglars continue to make rich hauls occasionally from the fireproof safes.

Of course they have their disappointments too. Every burglar-proof safe isn't necessarily loaded with valuables. In Saint John, N.B., a few years ago burglars hauled a half-ton safe from an office and trucked it ten miles out of the city into the woods. Then they attacked it with sledge hammers and crowbars. After several hours they got it open. They netted exactly sixty-seven cents. ★

Not This August

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

hand-blistering practice. The coordination wasn't there. The little man and his shattered nervous system were good for nothing but gleaning with a sickle behind Justin, raking and bundling.

Had there once been one man balers? Had there really? Had one man proudly astride a snorting red tractor chugged down a field, importantly leaning far out and peering behind him as the scoop swept up mowed windrows, the plunging tamper arm compacted the hay, the binder twirled cord around and tied, and the machine bumpingly ejected bale after perfect bale?

Justin now was a citizen of the North American People's Democratic Republic, at last in formal existence months after its currency had gone into circulation. Everybody had been ordered to report to the Center for ceremonies and a spontaneous demonstration. Betsy Cardew was prominent in the demonstration. She had joined the Party of the People and worked at it with shrill fanaticism. Condescendingly mentioned in one speech as a tireless worker for the cause of peace and democracy, she looked when Justin met her occasionally on the mailbox very tired indeed. She sometimes passed him a note, her use now there was a tape recorder behind the dashboard of her car.

When one of the notes said something like "Still heard nothing. Must be been picked up. Frasor used hides in time once, we're still at large. Billy Billy how I wish..." what's use he would start to recall that he belonged to a conspiracy of the oppressed, that he was the trigger man of the bombardment satellite. And that one step outside the narrow lines would mean his death.

It was easier to go on mowing than to stop and let his muscles knot up in the first cutting winds from the north. They had to get in the hay. They had to fell trees in the wood lot and back them up with a Swedish saw and split them for the stove. Dry autumn was going to be followed by cold winter. There would be no coal; coal was for Russia and China these days.

The North American People's Democratic Republic was born puppet of Asia and the United States of America — obstinately, the consciousness of it would not die — was a puppet's slave. Clinton County produced a "surplus" of food while its inhabitants were verging on starvation that went to New York for shipment to Russia in a steady flow with shipments from thousands of other rural counties.

But whispered tales said the factory cities were worse! It was easy to imagine how, once self-pity admitted the possibility. Barracks. Twelve-hour shifts. Starvation rations at a patrolled mess hall. A beltline whose speed could be pushed up imperceptibly until you dropped at your job and were flogged or shot for dropping.

And whispered tales said the young men and women of the North American armies were doing hell at reclamation projects in the Soviet Arctic, the rest in the arid Chinese interior.

Of course they would never come back.

Even to the peasant that Billy Justin had turned into the brutal authority of the over-all plan was slowly becoming clear. It was attrition of the U.S. population. The oldsters were to die off gradually of scanty food and pneumonia; the coming winter without coal would sweep like his scythe through the population. The youngsters who would normally make up the loss were safely in the Arctic and the Gobi.

Within a couple of years more Russians and Chinese would begin to arrive — colonists this time instead of soldiers.

The senator, the patrolman, and the FBI man were dust by now.

The Postal Telegraph, dry wit, still guarded at Fontana's rock by the ticket seller in the railroad station, was silent and had been for two months.

Rawson, that huzzah general named Hollerith, wasn't he — could only say he knew nothing, he had heard nothing; they must wait.

Betsy Cardew was dying by inches of fatigue and strain, impersonating a fanatical convert, waiting for the hand on her shoulder, praying there would be time for her first to open her carotid artery.

There was nothing he could do. There was absolutely nothing he could do. All he could do was scythe down the dry grass, step ... drawn paces and sweep the whetstone twice along the worn steel blade. It was important to keep the blade keen; a dull scythe crushed down the grass instead of slicing it. Grass crushed to the ground was wasted and he would need every blade of it to see the small herd through the winter.

He woke from his daze to find himself at the end of the field of rolling. Beyond was the stubble of his cornland which had been reaped for silage a month ago. He looked around and saw Gribble far behind him, doggedly raking. And behind Gribble an approaching figure, tall and gaunt as a scarecrow.

"Hello there, William!" called Mr. Sparhawk. "I've come for a bit of dinner and a pallet for the night. Don't mind, old boy, do you?"

II

IT WAS the hour after dinner. These days that was the hour when quarrels flared between Justin and the feeble whining Gribble. There was something about a meal utterly without pleasure that your tongue couldn't take. No coffee, not even synthetic, no pepper or spices, no dessert, no meat. They dined on baked mashed potatoes, with an unsuccessful experiment of cheese making sprinkled near the top. Boiled greens on the side. They lay like stones in the stomach.

It was the hour for Justin to curse Gribble for his laziness and Gribble to cower and complain.

Mr. Sparhawk was there that night, however. He had said a heathen grace, eaten sparingly of the potatoes, apologetically scraping off the unsuccessful cheese topping, and finally excused himself to sit on the floor cross-legged. He looked about the same as ever. His rucksack was worn, he had a new peeled branch for a staff and he wore jeans instead of Red Army pants and shirt. He talked less than usual, perhaps judging that Justin would welcome an excuse to throw him out.

Justin studied the old man morosely. There was something awfully peculiar about his presence, something

"He was the satellite's trigger man ... One wrong step could mean his death"

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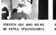
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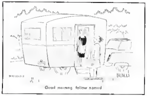

Good morning fellow nomad

he couldn't put his finger on.

"Where've you been lately?" he asked.

"South. In Maryland. North to Vermont. When the ground that is the Overmoul holds me."

"I didn't ask you that, damn you!"

Mr Sparhawk shrugged apologetically but he couldn't resist preaching. "I forgive your curse," he said. "I know that in your present incarnation you're still earth and appetite-bound."

"Maryland and Vermont," Justin slowly ruminated. "How?"

Mr Sparhawk looked politely baffled. "I'm sorry, William," he said. "Your question conveys nothing to me."

"I mean *how*? How do you travel? How do you get through the check patrols? Why aren't you picked up?"

"Oh," Mr Sparhawk said surprised. "But I am. Often."

"And what *happens*?"

Modesty and pride struggled visibly on the old man's face. At last he said, "When it's a case of the other ranks—privates and noncoms, you'd say—I reluctantly put on an outworn garment." He stood to attention and his mild face hardened. The jaw thrust out and the very nose seemed to turn into a predator's beak. "Damn you, Sparhawk," he rasped, "what's the meaning of this? How dare you obstruct a loyal citizen and a minister of the gospel? By God, you popinjays stand aside or your superiors shall hear of it and so much the worse for you!"

The windowpanes rattled. Justin and Gribble quailed before his raucous, righteous anger and authority. Mr Sparhawk smiled apologetically and folded into a cross-legged squat again. "It usually works," he said mildly. "When it doesn't, I'm brought in for questioning. Officers tend to bring one in no matter what one does, so when confronted with a commissar I spare myself the necessity of reverting to my evil old ways.

"Once I'm in the local chokey I politely but firmly invoke the North American People's Democratic Republic guarantee of freedom of worship, and quite a good guarantee it is too. My particular way of worship, I explain politely, is to wander and preach. To make a long story short, William, I'm usually released after a couple of days, though once I was held as long as a week. Our custodians take the stand that I'm free to wander and preach as long as I wander and preach outside their particular jurisdiction. They escort me to the border, quite often kick me in the seat and tell me not to come back."

Justin moistened his lips. "Haven't you ever been on the—Conveyor?"

"Conveyor, William? Oh yes. You mean that strange new sacrament of theirs?"

Sacrament? Well, that was one thing you could call it, with its element of penance and confession. Another was sadistic lunacy, systematic starvation, drugging and torture designed to exact a meaningless confession which everybody knew was worthless. Perhaps it was a dark sacrament after all, intelligible only to faith.

Mr Sparhawk was saying, "Yes, I've been on the Conveyor. But what did I have to confess? They gave up after three days."

"They won't give up in MVD territory," Justin said grimly. "You were a fool to move in here. Did you think they were gone by now?"

"My dear fellow, of course I didn't. It was a Test."

A TEST. Justin went silently to the corner and pried up a floor board. Under it was the last of the Koerud brandy, a pint in a former cleaning fluid bottle. A Test, he thought. A Test of manhood, patriotism, sanity.

"Do you drink?" he asked Mr Sparhawk.

"Only natural wine," the old man apologized. "It's a clear contravention of the intended mission of alcohol to drink fortified wines or distilled liquors. But please don't let my presence stop you from indulging."

"It won't," Justin said flatly. He knew Gribble's eyes were on the bottle in his hand, hungrily hoping. He poured a glassful for the little man and shoved it at him. He himself drank from the bottle carefully and put it in his pocket. The raw liquor cut like a file and he felt the dizziness of intoxication almost at once. "Careful," he said sharply to himself. "Get brave if you have to but don't become a drunken fool." He asked Mr Sparhawk, "What do you mean by Test?"

"Why, William, a Test is a Test. A trial, an assay. I don't really know how to answer. But every once in a while one must prove that he isn't relapsing into sloth and merely mumbling words. One must do something, deliberately and knowing it will be difficult, dangerous, disagreeable. Surely you understand. That's why I entered territory under the direction of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. It's quite a good Test, but. Not *easy*, like Saint What's-his-name swallowing tubercular sputum. When people do that sort of thing there's always the possibility that some confounded Freudian is going to call them lunatics. Oh, a good Test is hard to find, William! I flatter myself that I've found one in our green-clothed *friends'* rigorous enforcement of the occupation statutes."

While the old man rambled on it suddenly became crystal clear to Justin that he had all along been able to re-establish communications with the bomb plot.

All he had to do now, all he'd needed to do all along, was walk out and do it.

First try walking to Washington, Pennsylvania, to find the Bee-Jay salesman.

If that failed, next he should walk to the senator's home town in Michigan and enquire around.

If that didn't work he should walk to Washington, D.C. and find out what was going on in the Fish and Wildlife Service.

If none of these worked he would have to try some of the more tenuous clues.

There were certain objections to the scheme, he realized. One was that he'd probably be arrested before he got a mile beyond Norton, New York. This would probably lead to his torture, confession and execution unless he used his razor blade in time. But he smiled mercifully at himself for once having thought that this objection overruled the need to walk out and re-establish contact so that the satellite could be sent up.

If Mr Sparhawk could take the beatings and the uncertainty in exchange for his urge to wander and preach, what shouldn't *he* be able to accept and risk with nothing less at stake than the nation!

It was as simple as that. If you have to walk out and that's the way to do it, you walk out and do it.

And the first thing to do was disobey his last command—not to take a shave.

MR. SPARHAWK," he said abruptly. "Your time on the Conveyor—is there anything you did so you kept from breaking down? Have you got sedatives or anything like that?"

The old man said, "I must confess I used yoga, abused it rather, for to use it is to abuse it. Yoga is of course a set of philosophical systems intended to put one beyond identity and desire, but the Conveyor is peculiarly persuasive that one has an identity and desires to retain it." He chuckled complacently. "Asana postures are effective while confined in a cell waiting. It is part of their scheme to break one down by waiting. The soul which does not seek release from the Wheel is prey to terrors and fancies during such an interlude. However, I would assume the siddhasana thus—" Mr Sparhawk squirmed into a Buddha-like posture which outraged Justin's training as an expert in that it went far beyond the bounds of what his anatomy textbooks regarded as possible to a human being.

"And I would vary it with the padmasana thus—" Mr Sparhawk squirmed again and this time settled down into a position which looked possible but exquisitely uncomfortable. "The postures," said Mr Sparhawk, "have carried me through a lot of solitary confinement. They use dark cells, you know, and that's the sort of thing that drives most chaps absolutely crackers. And there's pranayama, of course." He seemed to have finished.

"Pranayama?" Justin urged gently.

"Oh, you don't know about it, do you?" asked the old man disapprovingly. "It's the yoga of breathing and quite important. I used it when they were hurting me a bit. You see, one breathes in through the left nostril seven and a half seconds and holds it for thirty and a half seconds. One then expels through the right nostril in fifteen and a half seconds, then inhales through the same nostril for the same period, then one—"

"And this helped?"

"How could it fail to, William? During pranayama one is sometimes so freed of distractions that one floats about the room, though I admit I've not done that yet or seen it. Surely a truncheon across the shins would be only a minor nuisance to one deeply engaged in pranayama, don't you think?"

"As long as it works."

Sparhawk sighed regretfully. "William, old man, I can see you're struggling with it as a difficult idea. If only you were a bit along in Zen, how simple it would be! I'd merely kick you in the bum by surprise, or unexpectedly shout 'Fiddle-de-dee!' in your ear and it would all come to you. What a mess you've made of your life, William. No Zen at all. The time you've wasted!"

Justin clenched his fists and said, "I'm not going to waste any more time, Mr Sparhawk. Take me with you."

The old man asked mildly, suddenly alert, "Is this what you call a rib, William?"

"I'm perfectly serious. I want to go with you. To Washington, Pennsylvania."

"My dear boy, it doesn't matter where one goes. But I'm afraid a vestigial attachment to worldly vanities keeps me from enjoying this joke of yours. If you'll excuse me, I must say my prayers and turn in."

"He means it!" Gribble suddenly squalled, terrified. "Don't leave me, Justin, don't leave me alone here. They'll beat me up to find out where you went and they'll shoot me in the cellar."

"Work it out for yourself, Gribble," Justin said gently. "I'm going. I've got to. Tell them any lies you like and if they don't work, die like a man. *Before you tell the truth.*"

Sparhawk rose from his padmasana posture, excitement in his eyes. "You

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Who said there were no new continents? Soon America would be free of people

"D[illegible] mean it, William?" he asked tremulously. "This isn't a joke."

Justin said, "I'm not joking. Not about risking my life. I want to go with you."

And he said to himself: by this token you cease to be a peasant, an animal. It's important that you set out on your military mission, of course. But it's more important that you set out on any mission at all and by that token become once more a man.

"Mr. Sparhawk," he said diffidently. The old man was silently praying but turned to smile absentmindedly at him. "Mr. Sparhawk, I know you make a point of early departure, but could we stay here until meal time tomorrow? I want to say good-by."

"I understand," the old man beamed at his convert. "I think we can permit it."

Good-by, Betsy Carden. What might have been will never be.

III

THEY had been five days on the road and covered twenty miles as the crow flies, eighty on the back roads chosen from an old Texaco map, when they met their first Reds.

Sparhawk was drilling Justin when it happened. They were in a quiet clearing outside Lemont, Pennsylvania, which the old man thought suitable for contemplation.

Justin, under his direction, contorted himself into the joint-wrenching padmasana and was trying not to snicker at the order that followed. It was to look at the space between his eyebrows and meditate upon the syllable "Om." The soldiers, a ten-man squad, came out of the woods at that point.

The soldiers looked at them and roared with laughter. Their sergeant and Mr. Sparhawk were able to converse after a fashion in mixed English and Russian. Justin did not succeed in looking at the space between his eyebrows or in meditating upon the syllable "Om." Locked in the padmasana he watched the parley between the two men and meditated on the [illegible]. From time to time one of the soldiers would poke him curiously and grin. "*[illegible]*."

The parley ended; the soldiers left. The tremendous fact was that they had been intercepted, had been unable to show documents justifying their presence, and yet had not been arrested.

"How did you do it, Mr. Sparhawk?" he gasped.

"*Satyagraha*," Mr. Sparhawk said absently. "Soul force. It works, you know. Most of the time, that is. Their tendency is to assume that one's probably all right and that anyway it's no business of theirs. Marked contrast with the MVDs, whose assumption is that one probably isn't all right and that everything is business of theirs. But let's not chatter, William. You're supposed to be in the padmasana. Supposed to be, I say with reason. What is the padmasana?" "It is the right foot on the left thigh, the left foot on the right thigh, holding the right great toe with the right hand, the left great toe with the left hand, the hands coming from behind the back and crossing, the chin resting on the interclavicular space, the sight fixed on the space between the eyebrows." "Failing that, the tip of the nose. In one respect you succeed, William: you have managed to look at the tip of your nose. You must try harder."

Justin, his eyes aching from being crossed on his nose, his neck aching, his thighs and arms and back aching, tried harder. Mr. Sparhawk slid easily into the posture and went on: "When the condition of padmasana has been attained, you will find there is no longer suffering from cold, heat, hunger, thirst, fatigue or similar afflictions."

It was not that the old man believed it all, Justin thought as he ached. His belief, even expressed in pidgin Russian, shone transcendently through the words and had got the pair of them finally certified as harmless lunatics.

THE third week on the road, trending generally southwest into the Allegheny Valley, found them one night approaching a rundown farmhouse. There was no light to be seen. A starving mongrel dog snapped at them when they climbed to the littered, unswept porch. Justin drove him off with a stick while Mr. Sparhawk rapped politely on the door. There was no answer. Mr. Sparhawk rapped again and the unlatched door swung open creaking. By moonlight through a window they saw an old man sprawled on the floor.

Mr. Sparhawk took over with crisp efficiency. Pulse, skin and a hoarse rattle in the chest told him, he said, that the man was suffering from pneumonia and starvation. They brought the cot from his bedroom into the kitchen and built a roaring fire in the stove. They made gruel and spooned some down the sick man's throat and for a couple of hours while they watched he seemed to rally. He died at midnight, though, and they buried him in the morning in his dooryard. Justin had to keep driving off the dog and was careful to put a layer of heavy stones on the grave.

The weather was hardly brisk yet, but to men who had been through the war years on scant food rations, the old man must have been ready to go from the first bug that got into his system. But it was a foretaste of the coming winter, which would do the Reds' work thoroughly and well. It would kill Americans by the million and would leave open to settlement new [illegible] by the million.

Who said there were no continents left to discover? A dozen winters would come and go and finally the Russians would come and find a land cleaned as bare of humanity as Columbus had.

While Mr. Sparhawk whispered a meditation of St. John of the Cross by the graveside, Justin methodically searched the farmhouse and struck gold. A hard lump in the old man's pillow turned out to be a tin box crammed with sewing needles, thread, razor blades and a can of black pepper. He distributed the treasure among his pockets and returned to the grave, where he joined in the meditation.

THE SIGNPOST said they were three miles from Clarion and the map said this was a town of some size lying outside a national highway. It was to be avoided. They had lost a week's traveling by a stop to get in the corn crop of a sick old couple. They worked from sunrise to sunset for seven days and when the golden ears were neatly stored in the crib, they were told they were a pair of heathen and had better get before they got the law put on them.

"Rub of the green, William," Mr. Sparhawk said philosophically as they headed in the direction of Clarion.

Justin was glad to get away on any terms. The work had been nothing to him; he was inured to fatigue and hunger. The last week had been agony every hour of it. Finally Mr. Sparhawk was forced to say gently, "Washington, Pennsylvania, won't run away, William. Surely we are doing as much good here as we could do there?"

And that meant *shut up*. There Justin had to leave it. It was barely possible that the old man might continue to tolerate his presence, might even act as a cover story, if he knew that Justin was using him to establish communications with a revolutionary army. It was certain that he could not deal without losing his appearance of blissful sincerity and gentle mania which had carried them through every brush with the occupation.

It was three miles out of Clarion, perhaps halfway on the road to Washington, Pennsylvania, that they met the kid gang. They leaped on Justin and Mr. Sparhawk from the roadside; perhaps some of them swung down [illegible] from tree limbs. There may have been two dozen of them between eight and fifteen years of age. They gave the two travelers the treatment they gave all travelers whom they surprised and outnumbered: they beat and kicked them viciously, robbed them, stripped them to their underwear and moved on laughing and shoving. Mr. Sparhawk, after moving his jaw tentatively, mumbled between bruised lips, "You did well not to resist, William. Such groups have been known to kill."

"I couldn't resist, damn it!" Justin snorted. "The little demons were all over me. I'd like to meet just four of them in a dark alley some time. I think I've got a couple of broken ribs."

He and Mr. Sparhawk helped each other to get up; they hobbled down the road.

"Look," Justin said, alarmed. "This'll take us to Clarion. Township seat, ten thousand people, U.S. 322. A Red garrison for sure. Let's figure a detour."

"We must *find* a garrison of the occupying forces," Mr. Sparhawk said serenely. "We must report this incident. We owe it to those boys. We must stop them before they do irreparable damage to their souls. I have, thank God, been privileged to report five such wandering bands and each one was rounded up within a day or two. Whatever penalties were exacted from them, they were at least stopped in their careers."

The mad reasoning on alien values would work. Justin knew it. They would be two lunatics wandering into town half naked in late October, gently and without acrimony urging that the authorities pick up the kid gang [illegible]—for the good of their souls.

On to Clarion, Pennsylvania.

EARLY November brought a cold snap and wet heavy snow. They were floundering calf-deep by afternoon along a blacktop between Leechburg and North Vandergrift, about two hundred miles beeline from Norton, about fifty miles from Washington, Pennsylvania. It was clear that the journey would soon be over. Justin had lost twenty pounds and gained an [illegible] respect for Mr. Sparhawk's innocent tenacity.

He had seen a countryside under lock and key, assuming sullenly the ancient peasant status never known before on this continent. They had bypassed manufacturing towns—Mr. Sparhawk believed in reasonable caution until his disciple's spiritual qualities were more highly developed—and so had not seen

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the worst happening to the people

A woman in an ancient Model A sedan stopped and called them "Want a lift, boys?" It was the first time this had happened in their month on the road. She had a gas ration sticker on her windshield and the trunk of the car, which was a trunk and not a streamlined cavern, stood half open. It was crammed with canned goods.

The woman was fat, red-faced and smiling. Strangely, her fat was not the waxy loosely attached potato fat of an all-starch diet; it was firm plumpness. In the fall of 1965 it meant villainy.

"No thank you, madam," Justin said.

Beside him Mr. Sparhawk looked mulish. "I think we ought to, William," he said gently. "Madam, we'll be pleased to ride with you." Resignedly Justin got in.

She out-talked Mr. Sparhawk for ten miles. She was the widowed Mrs. Elphinstone. She had a farm worked by six good-for-nothing orphans she boarded for the county out of the goodness of her heart. She didn't believe in saying anything about a person if you couldn't say anything good *but* . . .

It was common knowledge about the Baptist preacher and Miss Lesh. But that shouldn't surprise you because *Mister* Lesh had died in a madhouse even if they called it a rest home. When it's in the blood there's nothing you can do.

Mr. Tibbets the lawyer was drunk again when he was in town.

Everybody knew he bought it from Mrs. Grassman whose husband drank himself to death on home brew and somebody should tell The Authorities before more damage was done.

But it was probably Mr. Tibbets' conscience that drove him to drink. The way he swindled the Murdocks out of their insurance money.

Not that Tibbets was the worst of the gang; she wasn't a prude, dear no, but the way his crony Dr. Reeves carried on before right-minded people ran him out of town, why she herself knew a girl who had been given gas by Dr. Reeves for an extraction and woke to find her brassiere unhooked.

Though it was hard to see why the little slut—it was Margie Endicott—should care, since every boy in the Senior High had done at least as much.

And if the truth were known . . .

She saw a couple walking along the road and stopped the car. They were a farmer and his wife, each carried a sack. "Hello, Elsie," the man said nervously. His wife looked murder and said nothing.

"Why, Ralph and Kate, imagine running into you here! Where you going?"

"Little walk," the man muttered.

Mrs. Elphinstone was staring at their sacks, licking her lips. "The Ladies," she said, "are getting up a little luncheon I meant to tell you. Times being what they are, we're all chipping in on the eatables. You're invited, of course, Kate." Her voice became shrill and childish. "Now I was just wondering if you'd like to save a trip by handing over any little thing you have with you—for the Ladies."

"We haven't got anything," the farmer's wife said sharply.

"My goodness, isn't that too bad? I heard somebody around your way butchered a hog and I thought you might have some old scraps of it. For the Ladies."

The farmer rummaged in his sack and pulled out a four-pound flitch of bacon. Naked hatred was in his eyes. He chucked it into the car beside the woman. "Come on," he said to his wife flatly. She shouldered her sack and they walked on through the swirling snow.

Justin knew he was riding with a woman who one of these days would be murdered.

She started the car. "The Perkinsons," she said. "Worthless, lawless trash. I've got half a mind to tell Lieutenant Sokoloff they've been butchering without a permit . . . but for everyone who doesn't?" She turned around as she drove to smile at her passengers. "What I say is, the important thing is not to get caught at it." The car eased into the right-hand roadside ditch before she turned back to her driving; she squawked, spun the wheels and killed the motor.

"Isn't that awful? I wonder if you boys'd try what you can do. I'll just stay here in case you need help from the engine."

They got out in the snow and heaved and looked for rocks to lay in a tread under the spinning wheels and from time to time asked her to try driving out. They got snow spun into their faces and bruised their fingers on frozen rocks. They talked in whispers. The woman's ruddy face was hanging out the window; she was watching with interest.

"Blackmailing old . . ."

"Steady on, William."

"We shouldn't have got in the car."

"Is *her* salvation unimportant for some reason known to you? We must give each person we meet his or her chance."

"The only way you can save that type is with a firing squad. The neighborhood gossip, the village terror, hand in hand with the Reds. She'll get hers the way Croley is going to."

"Mr. Croley has been charitable to me."

"Sure. Croley's smart enough to play at the sides—not like her." Justin pounded a rock under the wheel with another rock. "Give her a try, ma'am," he said aloud.

"I certainly hope it works, boys," she said. "I'm getting awfully chilly." She raced the motor, let in her clutch and was off in a shower of slush and small stones.

Justin waited for her to stop on the road for them but she chugged on. When the Ford vanished around a distant curve he did some swearing and wound up, "At least we don't have to listen to her any more."

"No," Mr. Sparhawk said, and for a moment Justin thought the look he gave him was compassionate.

The woman must have hurried home and put in a phone call. Half an hour later a pair of Red jeeps overtook them. An hour later they were being booked for sabotage, counter-revolutionary wrecking, and sedition in what had once been the principal's office of the Leechburg Consolidated School.

The next day they were on the Conveyor.

JUSTIN sat in the dark and gingerly rubbed his aching neck. The session had lasted for six hours and Lieutenant Sokoloff had been yawning at the end of it. It was not surprising. Sokoloff was merely a cog and he himself was merely a vagrant against whom a routine accusation had been brought. Sokoloff would sleep now for eight hours. Justin would be kept awake and presumably irritated just below the threshold of pain by irregular switching on and off of the lights, peering guards with raucous orders, the steel-pipe bunk without bedding to corrugate his back.

Then, rested and refreshed, Sokoloff would plump himself into a padded swivel chair. Justin would sit bolt upright on a too-low stool, the dazzling light would be switched on and the interrogation would proceed.

The bright cell lights flashed on and a soldier's heavy face peered through the bars. He pounded on them with a nightstick and growled, "Prisoner, [illegible]" and stood waiting. Justin obediently went and laid down on the steel pipe cot, face up, hands at his side, and closed his eyes. The light beat through his eyelids. The transverse pipes bit into his heels, calves, thighs, buttocks, back, neck and skull. Orders were being obeyed. He was not being physically tortured. He was merely lying on a bunk and if the bunk were somewhat uncomfortable, what in heaven's name could you expect to find in a detention cell? Their strange passion for legality again, a sort of legality at least.

It showed up strongly in the questions during interrogation. Justin was at sea several times until he inferred the hypothesis behind such a question as, "Did the prisoner ever take part in the workers' struggle before organized resistance to the clandestine NAPDR began to arrive?" What Sokoloff wanted to know was: had Justin been a Communist before the war. Justin had not been a Communist before the war and if he answered "no" to the question as Sokoloff phrased it he was saying a great deal more than that he had not been a Communist before the war. He was admitting Sokoloff's premises about organized resistance to the clandestine NAPDR. He was agreeing with Sokoloff that the war was not a war of aggression at all but an internal revolution by the Communist Party with some assistance from the Soviet Union and the Chinese People's Republic. Therefore he could not answer such questions yes or no and therefore Sokoloff became very angry and turned the

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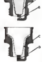

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light that glared in his eyes brighter. But that wasn't torture, of course. Could one expect an interrogation room to function without a light by which notes could be jotted and the expression of the prisoner observed?

Justin didn't know where Mr. Sparhawk was except that he was in some place exactly like this, or what he was doing, except that it was exactly what Justin was doing: hanging on.

A sacrament, Mr. Sparhawk called it, innocently blasphemous.

"Is the prisoner aware that to absent oneself from one's assigned agricultural holdings is sabotage of food production?"

"Spreading the Word of God comes first, Lieut. Sokoloff. Under the guarantee of religious freedom of the North American People's Democratic Republic no functionary is empowered to interfere with the private or public worship of a religious body."

The passion for legality cut both ways.

"The prisoner is not a religious body!"

"I consider myself the disciple of Mr. Sparhawk, Lieut. Sokoloff, and I consider Mr. Sparhawk a lay preacher."

"What is the name of your religion?"

"It has no name. It incorporates what Mr. Sparhawk finds inspired in all religions."

"There are no such religions. The prisoner is a poseur. Is the prisoner aware that he has been denounced as a counter-revolutionary wrecker by a loyal adherent of the NAPDR to whom he made inflammatory and seditious speeches?"

"If you please, lieutenant, I made no speeches to the lady you mean. I would have spoken to her about God—but I never got the chance."

Sokoloff's face, dim on the fringes of the dazzling interrogation light, wrinkled into a brief grin. He knew the lady then.

And so it went for six hours, the two of them pounding each other with stuffed clubs labeled respectively SABOTAGE and FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.

JUSTIN shifted on the bunk, acutely uncomfortable. That was supposed to be Lieut. Sokoloff's margin of victory. The lieutenant would rest well, he would rest not at all. The next session he would swing his padded club with less vigor while Sokoloff's blows would be as strong as ever. At last, after a week or so of interrupted sleep, scanty meals, inflamed eyelids and backache, Lieut. Sokoloff would be flailing away as hard as ever and he would sit apathetically without the strength or spirit to strike a blow. He would sign anything, admit anything, to sleep on a cement floor instead of the steel pipe bunk.

In theory.

He tried one of Mr. Sparhawk's heathen tricks which had served him on many nights before. He willed his muscles to relax one by one, from his toes up. He sent out his will to gather up his aches into a ball twelve inches in diameter and he floated the ball twelve inches above his forehead where he could inspect it impersonally. The distractions kept trying to crowd in, but he succeeded in keeping them out by not giving a damn about them. When the ball slowly began to sag down and threatened to re-enter his body he thought relaxedly that to do so would result in the discovery of the bombardment satellite and that therefore the ball should continue to float. It did and he slept. Much better than young Lieut. Sokoloff, who was tossing and turning and worrying about what to do with these lunatics he had been meddled with by that horrible woman.

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THE private ceremoniously kicked Mr. Sparhawk in the seat, booting him over the township line. Justin, moving fast, stepped across without assistance. They started down the road.

Behind them Lieut. Sokoloff, dark bags under his eyes, yelled: "And don't you ever come back into this area again, do you hear me?"

Mr. Sparhawk turned and waved. "Yes, lieutenant. God bless you."

They heard the jeep start up and roar away.

They had been five days on the Conveyor. They were skin and bones, their backs and buttocks were covered with bruises from all the hours spent rigid on the pipe bunks and hard interrogation light and the lights in their cells. They were filthy; it was part of the system to allow no water for washing and thereby further break down the morale of the prisoner. Mr. Sparhawk's left thumb and index finger were broken and splinted; a guard, strictly against orders, had whacked him with his nightstick. Six of Justin's molars had been pulled; the unit dentist had examined them, decided fillings were needed and done considerable drilling before further deciding they could not be saved after all. She had done her work without anesthetic and Lieut. Sokoloff had stood by to distract the prisoner by chatting about the pleasures of the pre-trial cells, which were furnished with regular army cots. These pre-trial cells were only for prisoners who had cleared all preliminary hurdles such as the signing of confessions.

His jaws ached horribly; he had ridden the Conveyor for five days and they were walking into the town of Washington, Pennsylvania.

IV

THEY signed in first thing in the transients book of the local SMGU. They explained to a puzzled English-speaking sergeant that they were ministers of the gospel and that he might check with his neighboring SMGU where, through a misunderstanding, they had been detained, interrogated and cleared. Then—it was about noon—they made their pitch on a busy corner of the main shopping street.

Mr. Sparhawk lectured on Conscience and Submission. Justin borrowed a hat and passed it. One of the people who dropped in coins was the salesman from Bee-Jay. "Meet me later," Justin muttered. The man gave him a brief appraising stare and walked away.

After the lecture they almost quarrelled. Justin was for finding a rooming house with a bath and taking a week's lodgings. Mr. Sparhawk, now that Justin's irrational desire to see Washington, Pennsylvania, had been gratified, was for a one-day stay mostly devoted to preaching.

They had dinner in a tavern, Mr. Sparhawk relenting to the point of taking a glass of watery beer and allowing Justin one. But no matter how longingly the disciple eyed the steam table of sausages and roast horse meat they ate the vegetable plate.

The dispute was still unresolved when they checked in at a rooming house down near the railroad tracks. Justin's jaws were aching badly but he didn't care. The Bee-Jay salesman had passed by the tavern and glanced in while they were eating. The contact had not been broken. Surely they were being followed and marked.

They bathed in turn, very gratefully, and turned in. Mr. Sparhawk slept on the floor and laughed when Justin offered him the bed. Justin understood the laughter an hour later while he tossed and turned and angrily commanded his muscles to relax. He had made up his mind at last to spread a blanket on the floor and sleep there himself when he heard a scratching on the door.

The long ordeal was ended.

He opened up. It was the Bee-Jay salesman, of course, and two other men. They all wore coveralls and carried telephone linemen's gear in broad leather belts.

"Come along," the salesman said softly. "We have a truck. And guns."

He assumed they would have guns.

"We don't have to wake up the old man," he whispered to one of them who was stooping over Mr. Sparhawk.

"He's coming," the man said and shook him.

"Friends of mine, Mr. Sparhawk," Justin whispered. "We're taking a short trip."

"Yeah," said the salesman. He raised his hand. "No arguments. I'll explain everything later."

"I never argue," Mr. Sparhawk whispered softly, and they dressed and went quietly down the stairs, the salesman in front of them and the two strangers behind. The truck was an olive-green A T & T cab-over-engine repair job, the kind of truck that can appear anywhere in the continent without a word of comment or stir of interest as long as there is a telephone within fifty miles. Justin was struck by the brilliant simplicity of the idea. When they were settled in the dark body of the truck with the two strangers he started to say as much. They told him to be quiet. He didn't like their manner but set it down to the strain

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they were feeling on a rocky road.

Mr Sparhawk settled down on the floor in the padmasana posture while the truck bumped over a lot of railroad tracks and made a lot of left and right turns and a couple of U turns that could only have been meant to confuse their sense of direction. In half an hour the truck stopped definitely, the hand brake rasped along its ratchets and the motor stopped.

They hustled Justin and Mr Sparhawk out of the truck onto a dimly lit loading deck of concrete. Down a concrete corridor where fork hoists and stacks of pallets stood. Past a thousand stacked new milk cans shining dully. Past crates of pitcher pumps and a thousand cream separators. Into a concrete room where a dozen men awaited them. When the door rolled shut behind them Justin weakly said, "I'm glad to see you." But he already knew that it was no joyful reunion but a trial.

"Now we can talk," the Bee-Jay salesman said grimly.

"Yes," said Justin between his teeth. Then he yelled at them: "Why was Chunga County deserted?"

Their faces were shocked. The trapped mouse had turned and bitten them on the finger.

"Not that you give a damn," Justin said, "but Chunga happens to be the key to the whole situation, as you'd know if your organization were conducted sensibly. Why haven't we had any couriers? Why don't you answer us on the dry wire? Why were we left to rot?"

"While we're asking questions, William," Mr Sparhawk said mildly, "what on earth are you talking about?"

They ignored him. The Bee-Jay salesman said slowly, "You might as well know my name, Justin. Sam Lowenthal. I used to be a civilian consultant in the Psychological Warfare Branch. You don't have to know who all these people are. It's enough to say that they constitute a court martial of the United States Army. You're on trial for treason. We suspect you of being a stool pigeon, Justin. We thought so when we got a dry-wire message that somebody named Justin had important information for a top contact team. We sent in the team—and never heard from it again.

"Now we find you here in a fairly important sub-headquarters town after a 250-mile journey. People don't make such journeys nowadays—not unless they're helped either by us or their friends the Reds. And we know we didn't help you. And with you is an unexplained person."

That was with a jerk of the thumb at Mr Sparhawk, who had indignantly withdrawn into the padmasana. Justin could see from the shape of his mouth that he was meditating on the syllable Om.

"And once you're here you brazenly try to make contact with us. Our idea, Justin, is that this is a naive attempt—motivated by Marxist fanaticism, perhaps—to infiltrate our group and put the finger on us for the Reds. If you have anything to say, speak up—but I suspect you're going to wind up tonight in the Bee-Jay fertilizer division."

The first thing Justin did was take off his shirt. They gasped at the bruises and sores. He told them: "They also drilled my teeth for six hours the other day. Can any of you comfortable masterminds say as much? No, I didn't break. That's because I've learned a great many things from the eccentric gentleman sitting in the corner there. One of them was patience and another was recklessness. You people could use some of both.

"I believe you when you tell me the senator and his two friends disappeared after they interviewed me. People are disappearing all the time in this year of grace. I presume they used their razor blades before they were questioned, so my information died with them. Now listen to it this time.

"Yankee Doodle was a diversionary dummy. The real bombardment satellite, about ninety-nine percent completed, is under Prospect Hill in Chunga County in a limestone cavern. It needs electronics men and electronics parts. It needs an ace rocket interceptor pilot. It needs a bombardier with plenty of VHB time and a background in math. Of course if you people would rather spend your time holed up comfortably worrying about stool pigeons, that's your business. I'm not running your campaign for you."

LOWENTHAL was stunned by the outburst. He said shakily, "I used to hear a rumor when I was attached to the AEC—listen, Justin. We'll guarantee you and pass the matter up higher for a decision as soon as possible."

Justin put on his shirt and turned to the door.

"Justin!" Lowenthal snapped, pulling out a .45 pistol.

"Yes?" Justin asked mildly.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Out."

"I'll kill you if you take another step toward the door."

"I suppose you will. Why should that stop me? Don't you realize I was supposed to be shot for walking two hundred and fifty miles to listen to your drivel about passing it up for a decision? Hell, man, I wasn't supposed to get past one township line, let alone fifty! I was supposed to be shot for storing that hunk of A-bomb you picked up at my place. I was supposed to be shot for not reporting the top contact crew you sent. I was supposed to be shot for not turning over the bombardment satellite to the Reds as fast as my scared little legs could carry me.

"Go ahead and shoot, man. But if you don't, if by some chance I get out of here, I'm going to rustle up some electronics men, some parts and a crew while you good people are waiting for a decision from higher up. Good-by."

He started for the door again. Lowenthal's pistol slide went back with a click and forward with a thud. "Wait," the psychologist said when Justin put his hand on the door.

"What do you want?" Justin demanded.

"I think," Lowenthal said slowly, "you may have a valid point. Perhaps we do sometimes display a little less divine madness than we ought to—suppose, Justin, I send you off to Chunga County in a sealed freight car tomorrow with our Dr Dace. He's the head of research and development for Bee-Jay. We can arrange a breakdown from overwork for him."

Justin snapped, "Is your Dr Dace a satellite crew, a team of electronics men and half a ton of equipment?"

Dace himself, small, peppery, white-haired and mean-eyed, got up and snarled, "You arrogant pup, who the hell do you think you are to survey a bombardment satellite? Half a ton of equipment—do you think that's the same as half a ton of candy bars? Now sit down and shut up while we plus this thing through." He suddenly looked conscience-stricken and added lamely, "Er, naturally, we all appreciate the uh heroism you displayed in making the very arduous trip you did to re-establish contact with us." He trailed off and sat down.

The discussion became general and complicated. After a while Lowenthal dismissed four men who seemed to have nothing to contribute on the technical side. Justin suspected they were to have been the firing squad.

Dace scientifically probed Justin's every recollection of the satellite's appearance and scribbled notes. Lowenthal tsk-tsked because Justin had left Gribble on his own.

"What should I have done?" Justin demanded.

Lowenthal hesitated. "Maybe parked him in the cave. Or killed him."

Justin found himself on his feet raving. "God help the human race if

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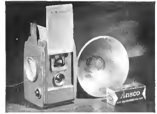

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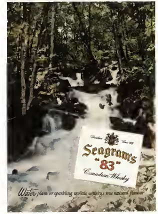
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"I saw the Guards break," Sparhawk told them. "I saw the Royal Family captured."

you thugs are its fighters for liberty If we kill a man like Gribble in the name of security how are we different from the Reds or the Chinese? We don't even have the excuses they have of ignorance and oppression and hunger What kind of cowards are you that you'd kill a sick man so you won't have to worry about betrayal!'

'Take it easy Lowenthal said 'You'll kill before this is over Justin sat down shaking He knew he would He also knew the psychologist was deliberately missing the point

A LITTLE information about the rebellion as a whole seeped out of the general discussion Justin could gather that there were many areas that had been quarantined like Chungu County as too dangerous to work into the scheme Elsewhere they had the dry wines position and traveling salesmen for communication They had seeded professional soldiers across the country Rawson was Chungu County's leader title

The situation in the great cities was, either they were very strong at a given time or they were wiped out The cities offered countless hiding places where arms could be stored and food cached and plans made They offered countless volunteers—among whom were traitors. There were many people in the cities who had responded to the relentless psychological pressure of Red propaganda and thought they were sincere idealistic Marxists It was impossible to say without the latest word from the wires whether they had a working organization or a demoralized corporal's guard in for instance New York The organization in New York City had collapsed five times and risen six Thousands had been shot in roundups there were always thousands more to recruit

We don't think Lowenthal said slowly the Reds realize the magnitude of it. They're hypnotized by their fable of counter revolutionary wrecking This handicaps them in dealing with the real situation That's how the Nazis were handicapped in dealing with underground organizations throughout Europe during World War Two They were thunderstruck when the French underground recaptured Paris before the Allied troops arrived

But the Allied troops were on their way Justin said pointedly

You're right. Perhaps I should have cited the uprising of the Warsaw ghetto where the remnants of the original population organized and supplied an army that held the Nazis at bay for ten days. I had uncles and cousins in Warsaw I've often wondered since I got into this thing whether they fought in the uprising or whether they were shipped to an extermination camp before it happened

Justin had been in high school during that war How did the uprising come out?' he asked

They were killed to the last man woman and child Lowenthal said surprised The ghetto was pounded into gravel by artillery '

Dr Dace snapped I'm sick and tired of your Warsaw Concerto Sam Let's get on with the work

But after a while they were talking again Justin learned that nobody there knew where Headquarters were that the Russian railroad inspectors were free wheeling happy go lucky types whom it was easy to hoodwink and possible to bribe that so far nobody had succeeded in corrupting an MVD man

THE SITUATION across the Mississippi under the Chinese was more urgent than it was in the east under the Russians. The oriental Chinese contempt for human life led to executions for such things as smoking in public There was some sort of decree posted everywhere in which every American was placed under suspended sentence of death for banditry and terrorism any noncommissioned officer could execute the sentence for reasons that seemed sufficient to him However the language difference made organization and communication much easier If the American cringed to the color conscious invader the invader was happy enough about that gratifying fact to neglect training sufficient officers in the difficult English language to police the mails and wires

Somebody had a watch and announced that it was 4 30 and he for one wanted some sleep

"Our last item said Dace 'What about him?' That was Mr Sparhawk sleeping soundly on the concrete floor The old man woke up at once and asked mildly What about me?

I'd like him to come along with us in the freight car Justin said We can keep him in the cave

Freight car?" said Mr Sparhawk disdainfully William how am I supposed to preach and teach in a freight car? You're acting awfully strange I must say I had no particular objections about coming to this town because after all one must go somewhere But now a freight car and a cave? Too foolish

Dr Dace said I've heard about this egg He preaches submission Furthermore he's nuts I say rub him out "

What a savage little man you are Mr Sparhawk said wonderingly You know it's all very well to talk but violence won't do I was a colonel in the Brigade of Guards gentlemen I know what I'm saying

What are you saying? Dace bristled

Why that I saw the Guards break under the Russian armored attack on Salisbury Plain I saw the capture of the Royal Family with my own eyes. Her Majesty of course was superb But it was defeat, you know That was when I discovered there was a basic mistake If the Guards could be broken and Her Majesty captured obviously we'd been mistaken all along with our

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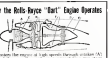
How the Rolls-Royce "Dart" Engine Operates



Air enters the engine at high speeds through intakes (A) behind the propeller and is compressed by a two stage compressor (B) In the combustion chamber (C), the compressed air is mixed with fuel and ignited The heated gases drive a turbine (D) which is connected through a reduction gear (E) with the propeller At the exhaust (F) escaping gases deliver an additional jet thrust

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[illegible] stair and bought and the [illegible] elsewhere. Since then I've been seeking a gentleman."

"Mr. Sparhawk," Justin said, "I wish you'd come along. I couldn't have got this far without you. I don't know whether I can finish it without you."

"You want me for a mascot?" the old man asked wryly.

"Not a mascot. As a chaplain, I suppose," Justin said.

"Well, I'll come along," Mr. Sparhawk said. "As a chaplain. You bloody mischief individuals can use more spiritual ministration in any case."

Justin, without knowing why, felt immensely relieved. [illegible] he had the impression that everybody in the [illegible] room was too.

"WHERE the hell have you been?" demanded Gus Frankblatt in an angry whisper.

They were in front of Croley's store in Norton. Justin had walked down for sign-in day. The MVD *starshiy syerzhant* was presiding inside the store over the book. Men and women apathetically walked in front of him to have found their place on the page and signed. Then they stood around or bought something or just walked out.

"Where the hell were you last sign-in? For that matter, where the hell have you been all month?" whispered Frankblatt. "We had Stan Patocki sign in for you. When we found you were gone and that nut Crabble of yours couldn't tell us anything we had Stan practice for a week and then come in with a bunch of us early to sign for himself and another bunch late to sign for you. We could have been shot! You just shouldn't have done it, Billy."

"I had to," Justin said. "Thanks, Gus." He reached into his pocket and found a penny, a steel disc with a wreathed star on one side and the head of Tom Paine on the other. "Here," he said. "Christmas Eve." Gus took the penny automatically, looked bewildered, and Justin went into the store.

"Vot name?" the sergeant scowled.

"*Mayoh cenvok* Yustin," Billy said. "Fermer."

The sergeant put his finger on the rectangle. He glanced at Justin and looked a little puzzled. Justin took the pen and looked at the signature above. It was a pretty bad imitation Patocki had done. With his trained fingers he imitated the imitation, trying not to draw the letters too obviously. It passed the sergeant's comparison. Whether it would pass the later leisurely comparison of a headquarters officer who was at least a part-time handwriting expert he did not know. He picked up a comic book—Joe Hill, Hero of Labor—and read for half an hour.

At twelve noon a jeep came by for the sergeant. He closed his book grimly and drove off with it to the next hamlet down the line.

The store came to life then. Mr. Croley emerged from his cubbyhole to wait, dead pan, for customers to speak up. He sold some binder twine, fence staples, seed cake, cheese, imitation candy and dark grey bread in a little flurry of business activity and then the store was empty again. Justin went to the counter.

"I'd like to talk in your office," he said. The storekeeper lifted the counter flap and went in first. "I hear you have some surplus stuff."

Croley sat at his small roll-top desk with the stuffed pigeonholes and waited. Justin knew for what. He took out a bundle of money, big bills from Lowenthal's safe.

"Don't *have* any," Croley said. "Know where there is some, maybe. Big difference."

"Yeah. Big difference. Well, do you know where there might be some sacks of flour, dried peas and beans? And case lots of canned horsemeat, sugar, dried eggs and tea?"

"Expensive stuff."

Justin spread out the bills in a fan.

Croley took them and said ritually, "I dunno for sure, but I think maybe Mrs. Sprenger down past the gravel pit might be able to help you. I'll just write her a note about it."

He wrote a note to Mrs. Sprenger on the back of an old sales slip and sealed it with a blob of flour paste. Justin got a glimpse—unavoidable in the tiny place unless he had turned his back—and saw that it seemed to be about flower seeds.

Croley handed him the note and Justin started to leave. Transaction over. End of incident. But Croley detained him. "[illegible] you're getting around," the storekeeper said with a wintry little smile.

"Maybe," Justin said conjecturally. So the old skunk was nailing up his absence. He had noticed it of course. Croley noticed everything, and the big bills. Justin counted on Croley's own illegal part in the black-market transaction to keep his mouth shut. Counted too far?

But Croley said, "Anything I can do for you, let me know." And shook his hand!

In a daze Justin said, "Christmas Eve," and gave him a penny. Croley was looking at it in bewilderment as he left.

JUSTIN thought he had Croley figured. The old man was not truly poised on the fence. Without being committed in any way whatever, he was now ready to jump to the right side. Never underestimate the adaptability of a Croley, Justin told himself.

Gus had loaded his feed on the wagon. It was a pitifully small load and his horses were gaunt.

"Business proposition, Gus," Justin called up to him. "Short trip down Cannon Road, light work, big pay."

"Okay," Gus said disconsolately. Justin climbed up and Gus flapped his lines on the horses' backs. The wagon creaked down Cannon Road toward the gravel pit.

"I should have warned you," Gus said bitterly. "You're taking a chance being seen with me. I'm under suspicion as a dangerous conspirator. I'm believed a ruthless Zionist cosmopolitan. The MVD came around last week. They searched the house. They took out Menorah, the Sabbath candlestick I haven't lit since Pop died. And in the attic they found the real evidence. A bunch of mildewed haggadahs, passover prayer books I haven't used for twenty years. And Pop's old Talmud in forty little volumes of Hebrew and Aramaic which I can't read. That makes me a rootless internationalist cosmopolitan-cryptofascist Zionist conspirator. They warned me to keep my nose clean. I guess they'll be back one of these days when they haven't got anything better to do and haul us away." He lapsed into silence.

"Stop at Mrs. Sprenger's," Justin said.

The birdlike old lady read the note in terror, whispered to herself, "I wish I didn't have to—" and showed them to the cistern in the back yard. The two of them levered the concrete slab cover again. There was a ladder and the cistern was stacked with provisions.

"Please," Mrs. Sprenger begged them, "please don't take more than the note says. He thinks I take the things myself, but I wouldn't do anything like that. Please don't make a mistake in counting."

They carried up the food and loaded the wagon, hiding it under the original load of fodder.

"Christmas Eve," Justin said to Mrs. Sprenger. And gave her a penny.

"Thank you," she said faintly.

Driving away Frankblatt asked, "What's this Christmas Eve and penny routine, Billy?"

"Just a habit I have."

"You didn't have it a month ago. Where've you been? You look different. You lost some weight, but your whole face looks different."

"I had some teeth pulled."

"I see, that would do it. Billy, stop me if I'm going offside, but did you have your teeth pulled like, say, the Laceys down at Four Corners?"

"That's the way."

They were heading up Oak Hill Road by then and Justin was debating furiously with himself. He had to start somewhere; he had to start with someone. There'd never be a better starting place than strong, steady, bitter Gus Frankblatt. But he didn't want to; he didn't dare. He was learning the difference between trusting only yourself and trusting others. It was an agonizing difference.

Stalling deliberately, he asked, "What'll you have for your share of the loot?"

"I don't care. Some of the beans and flour, I suppose. We're sick of potatoes. Lord, what a winter this is going to be! I'm lucky to have Tony and Phyllis here, they can feed and so I can spend my time hacking and splitting. I guess we'll make out if we close off most of the house and if we can get another grate for the stove. The old one's about burned through. They aren't supposed to go fifteen years without replacement."

"Turn right," Justin said when they reached the fork that led on the left to his place and on the right to Prospect Hill.

"What for, Billy?"

"There's something I want to show you. And something I want to ask you. I ask you, brother Zionist fiend, would you like to join a real conspiracy?"

The horribly risky job of local recruiting had begun.

NEXT ISSUE: CONCLUSION

WITH THEIR pitifully few weapons the patriots of Hungry Center [illegible] the stakes [illegible] and the question: Can they hold off the powerful Russian [illegible] long enough to launch [illegible] rebellion and reclaim their freedom?

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Separate Schools

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

of four thousand dollars and nobody earns more.

One of the three is Lionel J. O'Connor of Our Lady Primary School. O'Connor has been a teacher for twenty-seven years. He is highly regarded by his school inspector as a competent, conscientious principal. But to support his wife and six children O'Connor finds he has to be a lot more than that.

In the evenings he teaches English to new Canadians at Ottawa Technical High School for an extra five hundred dollars a year, or gives courses to student teachers at Ottawa Normal School for two hundred and forty. His wife runs a boardinghouse, cooking and cleaning for eight young bachelors as well as for her husband and six children; his oldest boy works Saturdays and holidays in a chain grocery.

In the summers, when public-school teachers often take courses to improve their qualifications and earning power, O'Connor looks for another job. He has in recent summers been a retail credit investigator, ticket taker at the Ottawa Exhibition, operator of a [illegible] movie circuit in country districts within a fifty-mile radius of Ottawa. In 1951 he was a census commissioner. In the summer election campaign of 1953 he was a full-time organizer for the Liberal Party.

"You can't put anything by during the winter," he says, "so when July comes and you face two months without a pay cheque you have to find something else. In the hard times when you can't find a summer job you borrow three or four hundred dollars from the bank and then spend the winter trying to pay it back."

O'Connor's experience is commonplace—practically all men teachers in Ottawa separate schools have to hold other jobs to break even. Four men within recent years have spent their evenings tending bar at Ottawa beverage rooms, where they made so much more money that three have stopped teaching. For women teachers in the separate schools it is not uncommon to work afternoons and evenings as waitresses.

It is not surprising to find fewer men and women going into the profession on the Roman Catholic side. In Ottawa's public schools every teacher is qualified with either a first-class or second-class certificate. In the separate schools thirty-four are teaching by "letter of permission," which authorizes unqualified teachers to hold jobs, and seventeen by "temporary certificates" obtained by six-week summer courses. In all Ontario public schools only eighteen percent of all teachers hold second-class and lower qualifications. In the Roman Catholic separate schools the figure is thirty-six percent, exactly double.

Similar contrasts appear when school buildings are compared. Some Roman Catholic separate schools are relics of the Victorian Age—one in Ottawa was built in 1877, another in 1885—and several are terrifying firetraps. However the public schools can show some pretty ancient monuments too, and the new Roman Catholic separate schools are just as handsome and bright as the new public schools. But there are fewer of these new Roman Catholic schools, and they often become overcrowded almost before the plaster is dry on the classroom walls.

Roman Catholics admit that some inequality would occur no matter how fairly tax revenue might be divided. By and large, Canadian Protestants are a wealthier group than Canadian Roman Catholics and have more money to spend on education. In Montreal, for example, where the Protestants are only twenty percent of the population, they spend $194 per pupil compared with the RC's $141. In Saskatoon, where corporation taxes are divided in the same proportion as individual school taxes, the Roman Catholic separate schools have one sixth of all the children but only one tenth of the available money.

But in Ontario the financial dice are loaded against the separate schools in three ways:

1. Corporation taxes go almost entirely to the public schools. Corporations are allowed to pay to separate schools the same percentage of their school taxes as they have Roman Catholic shareholders, but this can only apply to small companies where every shareholder is known. Big companies don't know who owns their shares and so all their taxes go to the public schools. A few years ago the Ford Motor Company tried to pay some of its taxes to the separate schools of Windsor, Ont., which had eighteen percent of the city's school children. Ford filed a declaration estimating that eighteen percent of its shareholders were Roman Catholic, and divided its tax payment accordingly. Windsor's public-school board sued, claiming the full amount of Ford taxes. It lost in the Supreme Court of Canada but won in the Privy Council and thus set a binding precedent for Ontario companies.

Who Supports the Schools?

What this means to Ontario separate schools is well illustrated in the case of Sarnia, where Imperial Oil Limited is a huge proprietor and taxpayer. In Sarnia the public-school assessment roll totals fifty-one million dollars; separate-school assessments are four and a half million. Yet one third of Sarnia's children go to Roman Catholic separate schools.

2. No non-Catholic in Ontario is allowed to pay his school taxes to separate schools, even though his children may go there. This applies to the fairly substantial number of "mixed" marriages, where a Protestant father and a Roman Catholic mother send their children to Roman Catholic schools. It applies also to Protestants who live near a separate school and far from the nearest public school—the RC school usually accepts their children but is not permitted to collect taxes from them. Even Roman Catholics may not pay separate-school taxes if they live more than three miles from the school, though many send their children from much farther than that. In one eastern Ontario town a school inspector told me nearly forty percent of the children in the separate schools come from families whose taxes go to the public schools.

3. Though non-Catholics in Ontario may not support separate schools, Roman Catholics are free to support public schools—and pay only half as much in school taxes—if they so desire. Many do, especially small businessmen. "We can't compete, can't stay in business if our taxes are to be double those of the man next door," they say. In Ottawa, the separate school authorities publish each year a booklet listing the Roman Catholics who support public schools, and parish priests make this the occasion for indignant sermons. Nevertheless, in 1955 some 2,700 Roman Catholic ratepayers in Ottawa are contributing to public rather than to separate-school funds.

There is a fourth factor operating against the separate schools. Provincial grants are given to all schools on the same basis, but the basis tends to favor the schools that have money—those that spend more get more. To a commission on Ontario education headed by the late Mr. Justice J. A. Hope, Roman Catholics in the late 1940s produced figures to show that if provincial grants were given on a straight per capita basis separate schools would get a million dollars more each year.

The majority report of the Hope Commission did not recommend any substantial change in the separate-school situation or concessions to their complaints. The report itself summed up a fundamental objection to separate schools:

> If the Commission were in the happy position of recommending the organization of an educational system for Ontario unfettered by the past, the majority would vigorously oppose permissive authority for the establishment of denominational schools of any description as part of the system.

The "fetters of the past" which prevented the Hope Commission from recommending outright abolition of Ontario separate schools, go back to the days before Confederation. They were firmly riveted on by Section 93 of the British North America Act. That section gives each province the right to make its own school law subject to certain important stipulations:

> Nothing in any such (school) law shall prejudicially affect any Right or Privilege with respect to Denominational Schools which any class of persons have by law in the Province at the Union.

There was some doubt about exactly what rights and privileges were "guaranteed" by law. On the eve of Confederation, Sir Alexander Galt introduced a clarifying bill at the last session of the old pre-Confederation Parliament. It formally set out the rights then enjoyed by schools of the religious minority (Protestant) in Lower Canada. Nobody raised any objection and the bill was expected to pass without trouble.

At the last moment, however, the MP for Russell County—an eastern Ontario riding with a population mostly French-speaking—introduced another bill identical word for word with that of Galt. It merely substituted the words Upper Canada for Lower Canada, thus guaranteeing the same rights for the religious minority (Roman Catholic) in the English-speaking province. Upper Canadian members wouldn't have this at any price. The Government had to withdraw both bills. Alexander Galt resigned and the school rights guaranteed by the British North America Act were never clearly and formally defined.

The fuss about the two school bills in 1866 gave an ominous and accurate portent of the separate-school issue over the next sixty-odd years.

In Quebec, a Roman Catholic majority accepts the idea that each major religious group should run its schools to suit itself. Taxpayers of each faith pay to a panel of their own; corporations pay to a neutral panel, which then divides the payments, on a per capita basis, between the Protestant and Roman Catholic panels. Each religious group has its own "Council of Public Instruction," its own curriculum, its own set of teachers' qualifications and salary scales.

In the English-speaking provinces Protestant majorities have never conceded any such degree of equality to denominational or sectarian schools.

In New Brunswick, for example, Roman Catholics had run their own schools since 1858. In 1871, however, the New Brunswick government introduced a new school law declaring that all tax-supported schools should be "nonsectarian," thus cutting off the Roman Catholic schools from the public-education system. The Roman Catholics appealed to the courts, invoking the protection of the BNA Act, but the courts ruled that their pre-Confederation schools had not been "guaranteed" by law. Therefore they had no recourse.

A similar and better-known case arose in Manitoba. There the province entered Confederation in 1870 and the school law was enacted in 1871, creating a system much like that of Quebec. Nineteen years later a provincial government introduced a new Manitoba Schools Act excluding "denominational" schools from the Manitoba system and taxing all citizens for public nonsectarian schools. An appeal to the Privy Council brought no redress, because the old school act was not "law in the Province at the Union."

Another subsection of the BNA Act gives additional protection to religious minorities. It permits an appeal to the federal government from "any Act or Decision of any Provincial authority affecting any Right or Privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education."

New Brunswick Catholics had made such an appeal, but the federal government in 1871 refused to intervene. When Manitoba Catholics made the same appeal in the 1890s a Conservative government responded with a "remedial bill" that would have restored the old separate-school system in Manitoba. This bill, introduced but never voted upon, was the main campaign issue in 1896.

What happened is history. Catholic *Canadiens*, defying the explicit commands of their clergy, voted for their compatriot Wilfrid Laurier and swept the Conservatives into opposition and the "remedial bill" into oblivion. It was a sharp lesson to the clergy on the perils of intervening in politics. It was also a sharp lesson to federal politicians on the perils of intervening in school law.

The other prairie provinces, set up by Act of Parliament in 1905, had school systems created for them rather like Quebec's: religious minorities, Catholic or Protestant, may set up separate schools if they so desire, and company taxes are shared in the same proportion as individual school taxes in each area. But when provincial governments later passed their own school laws against the indignant opposition of religious minorities, Ottawa made no move to intervene.

In Saskatchewan, for example, the last major fight on the separate-schools issue was in the election campaign of 1929. The victorious Anderson (Conservative) Government passed a law, still unrepealed though no longer strictly enforced, which forbade public-school teachers to wear religious habit and forbade the crucifix or other denominational ornament in schoolrooms. The law was directed against Roman Catholics, who had been running the public schools like RC separate schools in districts with a Catholic majority.

The Anderson Government was defeated in 1934 in a landslide that left the Conservatives without a single seat in the Saskatchewan Legislature. It was twenty years before they carried one again and they have yet to win more than one. Both the victory of the Anderson Government in 1929 and its

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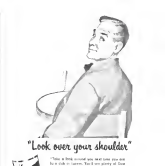
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defeat in 1934 have been remembered by prairie politicians of all parties the moral they draw is "Let the schools alone."

Since then though, the fires of religious prejudice seem to have cooled on the prairies. In Alberta and Saskatchewan the annual reports of education departments don't publish any breakdown of enrollments between public and separate schools because the figures are largely meaningless. Both public and separate schools may be either Roman Catholic or Protestant depending on the district.

In Saskatchewan in spite of the Anderson Government's law against the wearing of religious habits by teachers about two hundred nuns and five brothers are employed in public schools. (Even in the Anderson Government's time the attorney general quietly admitted that the requirements of the law would be met if crucifixes and rosaries were covered by a smock otherwise the nun's costume was to be treated as legal.)

Occasionally complaints come in to the education department that the crucifix is being displayed in a public schoolroom. In these cases the department advises the local trustees of the complaint and draws attention to the law but it never sends officers in to remove the crucifix by force. Occasionally the school inspectors notice a light cruciform patch on the wall behind a teacher's desk but in this they turn a blind eye.

In Manitoba one Roman Catholic educator puts it this way: "The situation today is better than the law." By mutual consent some seventy five public schools in the sixty French-speaking villages of Manitoba as well as three in St. Boniface the French-speaking twin city of Winnipeg are so coordinated as to satisfy the religious scruples of their Roman Catholic communities.

But this tacit evasion of the Manitoba Schools Act does not go all the way. In Winnipeg Brandon and Norwood the English-speaking section of St. Boniface about twenty parish schools teach three thousand children. All are supported by voluntary contributions, without a cent from the school taxes to which the students' parents contribute their full share.

In the Maritimes, as in rural Manitoba the "gentleman's agreement" system operates. Nova Scotia law makes no provision for separate schools but about thirty urban schools with twelve thousand students are in fact Roman Catholic. New Brunswick's law still stipulates that public schools shall be "nonsectarian" but in practice each area elects its own school trustees who then do pretty much as they like. Roman Catholic majorities elect RC trustees and vice versa and children of the minority faith in some areas get free transportation to schools of their own sort.

Protestants in New Brunswick do well to deal softly with the Roman Catholics, because Protestants there are already in the minority by half of one percent. They may yet have cause to regret their grandfathers' demonstration that religious minorities in New Brunswick had no rights "by law" before Confederation and therefore no guarantee in the British North America Act. In theory at least there is nothing to prevent a Roman Catholic majority from repealing the New Brunswick school law of 1871 and replacing the nonsectarian schools with a Roman Catholic system.

This theoretical possibility casts some light on the opposite situation at the opposite end of Canada. In British Columbia a Protestant majority is fiercely determined to keep the public schools free and nonsectarian.

Four years ago the issue came to a dramatic showdown in the village of Maillardville three miles east of New Westminster. Seven hundred Roman Catholic children were attending two parochial schools, though some of them lived as much as five miles away. The Roman Catholic school authorities asked the Coquitlam Municipal School Board if school buses could pick up some of the Catholic children. The board said no.

Finally on April 2 1951 the Roman Catholic children were marched to the town hall and their leaders said "Here are our children. Go ahead and educate them in your free public open-to-all schools. Ours are being closed."

Reeve Jimmy Christmas took up the challenge. The municipal school board hired twenty extra teachers put extra buses on the route ran the public-school classes in shifts. Somehow the seven hundred Roman Catholic children were fitted in. This situation continued for more than a year and then the Roman Catholics gave up the struggle and reopened their parochial schools—still without benefit of buses or any other tax-supported service—in September 1952.

A Bad Break for Teachers

Opponents of separate schools are not inspired by mere religious bias. They are not necessarily anti-Catholic though some of them certainly are. But they all think a division of the public school system on sectarian lines would weaken it.

As a horrible example they point to Newfoundland where no less than four denominations have their own schools and the province has nondenominational schools as well. The effect on school standards is disastrous. Teachers' salaries are the lowest in Canada and the percentage of unqualified and under-qualified teachers is the highest. Some outport villages that can't afford one good school have two or three poor ones. One has two schools of two rooms each both teaching Grades I to XI but with only sixty pupils of all ages between the two of them. Sometimes three school inspectors arrive in the same village on the same day. There are as many as seven schools in an area of one square mile and at the capital there are four superintendents of education.

"This," say the opponents of separate schools, "is where you get if you once give in to sectarian demands. We'd all have the kind of crazy quilt that passes for a school system in Newfoundland."

In practice though Protestant sects do not demand that their schools should be separated from other Protestant sects. (Mennonites are an exception.) Most of them argue that their public schools are not sectarian at all but teach only those fundamentals of faith and conduct that all faiths accept.

This claim is open to some doubt. Increasingly among the two hundred thousand Jews of Canada there are complaints that their children are receiving a Protestant Christian education in the so-called nonsectarian schools. As a result Jewish communities are opening their own parochial schools in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Edmonton and Vancouver. These are all supported wholly by the Jewish parents.

In any case public nonsectarian schools are not acceptable to devout Roman Catholics. They want their own schools and they will and do make considerable sacrifices to have them. But they feel sacrifices are forced upon them.

In Vancouver there are twenty five parochial schools, all supported by local parishioners who also pay full school taxes. Father Austin Clinton's school in Guardian Angel parish east of Stanley Park near English Bay has a hundred and twenty children whose parents each pay three dollars a month. That is the school's entire income—thirty dollars a year for each child compared to $230 in the public schools of Vancouver.

Father Clinton doesn't have to pay general municipal taxes, as some parish schools do in British Columbia, but he pays eight hundred dollars a year in provincial tax. His annual deficit is four thousand dollars which he tries to make up with whist drives, bingo games and sixteen-millimetre film showings.

Such Vancouver schools have more than five thousand children mostly in the early grades. All have similar financial difficulties. None gets any tax support and most have to pay taxes.

Opponents of separate schools often argue that sectarian education is a divisive influence, setting one group of citizens against another. "Divide people like that when they're kids, and they never get together." This argument makes a deep impression in the United States, where no public funds go to any parochial school, and it is often heard in B. C. too.

In Canada there is a counter argument that doesn't apply in the U. S. Here we already have separate schools by law in five provinces, by accepted practice in four more. Only British Columbia stands rigidly by the principle that no penny of public funds shall go to sectarian education.

Another argument peculiar to Canada is the fact that in two provinces already and perhaps in others some day the shoe is on the other foot. The Roman Catholics have the majority. Few Protestants would choose to send their children to a school however "free and open to all" that was arranged to suit a Roman Catholic population.

Mere withdrawal from classes where religion is specifically taught does not strike most Catholics as a satisfactory solution. The reason why Roman Catholics want their own schools is to create a Catholic atmosphere and a visit to any Catholic schoolroom will show what they mean. Along the top of the blackboard will be such mottoes as "Holy Mary Conceived Without Sin, Pray for Us." Religious pictures, statues, texts and symbols are everywhere. Readers which in Protestant schools talk about Dick and Jane in Catholic schools depict the doings of "our parish." It is not an atmosphere that Protestants would relish yet in some parts of Canada already it is the atmosphere of the public school.

In practice Roman Catholics not only don't insist upon having Protestant children in their public schools, they'd rather not have them. So the argument is only valid really insofar as it affects the question of fairness.

And the question of fairness brings up another question.

Since we, unlike the U. S., already have separate schools permanently guaranteed by our constitution, do we want them always to remain second rate?

Do we want any fraction of Canadian children—only ten or fifteen percent in some places, a quarter or even a third in other places—going to schools that can never afford qualified teachers or first-rate school buildings or any of the special courses or extras that public schools provide?

If we don't want this we shall either have to eliminate the separate schools entirely or give them a new deal. ★

Backstage At Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

casionally he would write directly over the lines he'd already written.

Anyone deciphering all this needed a powerful magnifying glass, an old and intimate acquaintance with King's handwriting and plenty of time. Also, by the terms of King's will only his literary executors could read the diaries in full and most of them had other things to do. Jack Pickersgill and Norman Robertson, for example, who'd been his close associates in domestic and foreign affairs respectively, are now Minister of Citizenship and Immigration and Canadian High Commissioner in London.

The only man who had the right, the background and the time to go through the whole diary was Fred McGregor. He had been a personal assistant to King in the earlier years, a close friend and confidant for half a century. But he had just retired as commissioner under the Combines Investigation Act and was available. He took on the job.

Hard as the task has been on McGregor's eyesight, it has been even harder on his Nonconformist conscience. All of King's literary executors but of course McGregor in particular faced an ethical problem which they regard as serious.

What fraction of the King diaries can be read by his biographer, and what must be suppressed?

Talking to a friend one day in the last year of his life King said: "It doesn't really matter if I don't live

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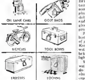

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long enough to finish the memoirs. They're all in the diaries anyway."

Maybe he made that remark before he'd had a chance to reread his own record of the past. In any case he had a marked change of mind during the winter before he died. He decided and told several people that these intimate papers could not be left open to the casual inspection of an irreverent posterity. He would destroy them.

Everyone whom he told of this intention was horrified and begged him to reconsider. It was unthinkable, they argued, to wipe out such a priceless record of Canadian history. King yielded to their pleading, but only in part. His will directed that the diaries should be destroyed except for such portions as he might indicate.

Since he died shortly thereafter King never had time to indicate, in writing, more than a meagre handful of diary entries. Knowing something of his intentions and desire to preserve his place in history the literary executors were convinced he didn't really mean to preserve only this tiny scrap of the record. After taking both legal and personal advice, they all agreed that the word "indicate" could properly be stretched to include oral indications. In other words they thought they could keep the *sort* of material King himself would have kept if he had lived long enough to go through the whole fifty-seven years. And they thought they knew King well enough to know what he would have kept and what thrown away.

In practice it hasn't turned out to be as simple as that.

They know for example that King would not have published anything likely to hurt any persons still living. But many a passage in the diary contains a compliment or a kind word for someone who in other passages is plainly depicted as King's idea of a doll. If they preserve the flattering bits and throw away the unflattering, they give the biographer a wholly false impression of King's opinion.

Beyond that there's the question of a historian's duty to history. What sort of picture should emerge of Mackenzie King himself? What should be done with bits that show him, perhaps unbeknown to himself, in an unflattering light?

What, for example, should be done with the trivia which have nothing to do with statecraft but which tell a lot about Mackenzie King? All his life but especially in his last years King was greatly preoccupied with his own health. He was also preoccupied with the health of his various dogs. In the last days of Pat II, as all his secretaries remember, the fate of the dying Irish terrier was more important than the fate of nations. Would he have left this curious sense of proportion on the record for the world to see?

These and similar questions bother McGregor and his fellow executors. Periodically they meet to discuss particularly ticklish problems, and so far all their decisions have been unanimous. But most of the day-to-day run of minor problems McGregor has to solve by himself.

He has now completed the task of going through all the diaries and marking extracts for the biographer's use. Still unsettled is the vexed question of just how the extracts shall be used, whether they can be quoted or merely used like an off-the-record press conference or background material not for attribution.

IN ANOTHER OFFICE in Laurier House R. MacGregor Dawson is working his way through the million-and-a-half pages of the Mackenzie King papers, and gradually getting several passages of the biography down in semifinal form.

The first decision he had to make was where to begin. If he started at 1874 when William Lyon Mackenzie King was born, it would be years before he worked his way anywhere near the present and half the people who knew King might be dead. If on the other hand he started with the war or postwar years he'd be doing the whole biography backwards. Dawson compromised and started with 1919 when King won the Liberal Party leadership.

Working forward from that point he has got somewhere into the middle of the Imperial Conference of 1923. Most people have forgotten that this was one of the great peaks of Mackenzie King's career. It was at this conference that the issue of dominion status was really worked out; the 1926 conference which produced the famous formula about "autonomous communities equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another" was merely defining and formalizing the victories of 1923. It was also King's first exposure to the blandishments of imperial London, a Circe that had charmed many a colonial prime minister before him.

But while he was working his way through this period Dawson also began at the beginning. He goes down to Nova Scotia for vacation each summer and usually likes to do a little work there. The material on the childhood and student years seemed to be the most portable so he took it along and now has early chapters drafted that take Mackenzie King through childhood, through the University of Toronto and halfway through Harvard.

Finally the publication in Maclean's of Bruce Hutchison's revelations about King's desperate maneuvering in the 1944 conscription crisis set a lot of tongues wagging, including some tongues that had never wagged before. Dawson shrewdly concluded that this was a good time to talk to the men who had taken part in those historic meetings, and he turned out to be right. He also had the good fortune to talk at great length to Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, who in 1944 had been Minister for the Canadian Navy and who died suddenly not long afterward. Dawson ended by writing about a hundred pages on the conscription crisis, probably in almost-final form.

You can see, though, why he finds it so hard to answer the question, When will the book be finished?

Fred McGregor is working on a long memorandum about Mackenzie King's labor policy, with the origins of which McGregor was closely associated. One of Dawson's ex-students spent last summer on a survey of King's foreign policy; a young civil servant took some time off to plod through shoals of freight rates, tariffs and what not and produce a monograph on King's economic policies. A Queen's University professor who hopes to write a book of his own on the Mackenzie King period but won't publish until after the Dawson biography is out, has put in several summers as a general assistant and consultant.

When all these tasks are completed and their results digested Dawson can finish his writing. When that will be nobody knows. ★

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Labatt's INDIA IPA PALE ALE

THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO LABATT'S

Why U. S. Tourists Are Passing Up Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

many new places a lot of credit for doing a good job. But they're not the ones I'm talking about. I'm not talking about accommodations that you search out deliberately, but the places that you just run into normally at the end of a day's drive. Most of them still cling to the old Canadian idea carried over from the days when you averaged 25 mph in a dusty Grey Dort and felt like a mad modern if you slept by the highway instead of going home.

I've been shown Canadian cabins in settings by Svengali and décor by Dostoevski, set behind old oil drums and cars waiting to have their transmissions torn out. I've stayed in places that looked like those shacks the bad guys used to get trapped in at Saturday afternoon movies. I saw a place ten miles from Toronto catering to visitors to the Canadian National Exhibition with a vanity made from two orange crates. They wanted fourteen dollars a day! In the U.S. a guy who tried to run joints like this would run himself out of business.

In one place not far from Ottawa a woman came wheezing out in an apron, looked at my California license, said that she'd heard it rained all the time down there, and showed us the dirtiest two rooms I've ever been in in my life. There was dirty oilcloth on the table, a broken deck chair out in front with the canvas trailing off it. There was a big wad of cotton batting stuck in the screen and again orange crates with burlap over them for a dresser. It had an old coal oil stove which the woman explained would keep us warm as toast if we kept lots of fuel in it. All she wanted was ten dollars for the night. I've stayed in places in Texas with lime-green swimming pools for six dollars. When we walked off she said she wasn't quite so jam packed as usual. She'd drop it to eight. We said no, we'd push on to Ottawa. She called after us, "They'll really gyp you up there."

But the average cabin is not as bad as that, nor as good as the good ones. I saw some around Ottawa that were attractively painted in bright colors—the sort of dressing up that Canada's tourist industry needs. They're just a rather dismal in-between. This applies to most motels. I talked to a Canadian motel and restaurant owner who makes annual trips to California for ideas and whose place shows the results. I asked him what he thought distinguished the Canadian motel owner from the American, and he said without hesitation, "In Canada they go so far, then quit."

I think this describes the bulk of the better motels. They do the minimum that will give the effect of a modern motel but no more. The result is that frequently you have no desk, no extra chairs, no extra furniture (maybe furniture costs too much in Canada, too), often no bed lamp. You get tin showers and imitation tile bathrooms, hot water that cuts off just as you reach the third chorus of The Road to Mandalay, and often no rugs on the floor. In fact no luxury whatever. But you pay plenty for them. You get the general impression the motel owner is being rather reluctantly forced into providing for people who are stuck on the highway. If you want to be queer enough to sleep on the road, here's a place with beds and water. What do you want—the Ritz?

It's an impression that builds up to give visitors to Canada a bad impression of their host, like a lot of annoying little things that Canadians do to tourists without even knowing it. For instance, there's the practice of the Liquor Control Board of Ontario of charging U.S. tourists a dollar a month for a liquor permit unless they own property in Canada or rent it longer than a month. I asked the clerk in one liquor store why, if I paid a buck the same as a Canadian, I couldn't get a permit for a year. He looked at me as if he loved Americans to ask him this, and said, "Do you pay taxes in Canada?"

Nobody ever asked me if I paid taxes in the United States when I buy a bottle of Scotch. They just toss it into the basket with my noodle soup.

Another small irritation is the habit of charging for those books of matches that are always given free everywhere in the U.S.

I noticed too, a certain ill-restrained mirth on the faces of a lot of Canadians when they started nicking off that rate of exchange. In view of the dead-pan snubbing Canadian money gets throughout the States this is understandable. I, for one, can particularly appreciate it, having once lost eighteen cents on the dollar on my Canadian money. But the fact remains that it's not good business to gloat, and it's not helping the tourist trade. We should take as our standard of behavior not the many Yanks who made us mad but the few who made us feel good, like the operators of some bars and restaurants at a few border points who, when the shoe was on the other foot, accepted Canadian money at par, marking it up to goodwill advertising.

The Best Food Is in Cities

But although a lot of Americans won't get over these little annoyances too easily, most of them will shrug them off as all part of a motor trip. But there's one thing nobody will shrug off—Canadian cooking.

If Canada is an era behind in providing lodging for the tourist, it's light years behind in giving him nourishment. Even if Canadian cooking doesn't keep Americans away, one thing is certain: it won't bring them back. And here again it should hardly need mentioning that there are excellent eating places in Canada. It's just that the odds against an American highway traveler finding them are short equal to making fifteen straight passes when he's rolling dice for his last buck. A tourist is someone who avoids big cities if possible. But the good restaurants in Canada are chiefly in the big cities and many are tucked away in odd corners so that even most of the inhabitants don't know where to find them. I know of no chain of restaurants for the traveler comparable to the Howard Johnson chain in the States. The average highway or small town eating place in Canada probably does more than any other phase of Canadian life to make Americans glad they dumped that tea in Boston Harbor.

The routine restaurant in Canada operates on the theory that if it's passed by the Board of Health it's specializing in food. Once they've lettered "Exquisite Cuisine for Discriminating People" on something, they figure they've done enough. It would pick up the tourist trade enormously if they'd lay off the exquisite cuisine and specialize in food.

The annoying part of it, to a Canadian like myself, is that all this takes place in a country that has about the best food in the world. Canadians living in the States hesitate every January about keeping their visa for another year when they start thinking of Canadian butter, Cheddar cheese, roast beef, apples and tomatoes, and consider paying up their gasoline credit card and going back home. In California my wife asked a girl in a supermarket, "Is this old cheese?" to which the girl replied, "Oh! No! We get it in fresh every day." Restaurants throughout the States proudly feature "Canadian Bacon."

Yet traveling to the States with any care at all, you can eat nothing but food with flavor and imagination, and in some of the worst dumps in the South, where the restaurant is so run down you begin craving the whole northland, they'll bring you food that will make you forgive them everything. In Canada the good food that grows on every side comes out of the Royal Café or the Maple Leaf Grill or the Queen's Restaurant all looking and tasting the same.

In the heart of Ontario's best farming district I've had fried eggs made out of latex, with edges in barbed wire. A stone's throw from a farm where they grow those delicious, tiny little new potatoes that you can eat like peanuts with butter I've got potatoes mashed with water, served with an ice-cream scoop, covered with thin, warm varnish and slapped down before me with complete confidence. Next door to a home bakery that my wife and I often discuss with nostalgic tears in our eyes I was served blueberry pie made out of vaseline, purple crayons and two layers of cardboard.

I don't know where the restaurant owners get their roast beef. My wife used to find the best beef in the world every Saturday. My friends all know where to find it. Canadian restaurant owners evidently don't know where to find it, or have it shipped up from Florida. In fact, one of the mysteries of the whole thing is that Canadians who specialize in cooking and make their living at it can't cook as well as Canadians who don't specialize in cooking.

I drank enough coffee across Ontario and Quebec and as far north as North Bay to permanently tan my innards. I've had coffee that tasted like boiled puddles and like that last warm drink of rye that you wonder whether to take or just go home and sober up. In one restaurant I saw an American furtively drop something into his cup of coffee and figured he was a dope addict or something. He caught me looking at him, grinned sheepishly and, thinking me a local boy, explained courteously that he found Canadian coffee just fine but weaker than he liked it. What he was dropping into his coffee was instant coffee.

In a land where many Americans expect to have a nice English cup of tea, the prescribed way of serving it is to pour some hot water into a cold tin pot, toss a tea bag into it, clank it down in front of you with a thick ice-cold cup, in the middle of which stands a little jug of ice-cold cream, and walk away leaving it for you to figure out whether you want to drink it or drive another two hundred miles. In one cigar store in central Ontario, which has a lunch counter attached, I had one cup of tea I'll swear they made with leftover cigar dust from the other

"The odds are high against the highway traveler finding a decent eating place"

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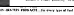

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DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
127

"When lobsters cost thirty-five cents a pound, restaurants charge $2.50 apiece"

department. No matter what it tastes like it always costs a dime.

In one Ontario tourist area where the Hurons used to get scalped regularly by the Iroquois from New York, the restaurant owners are still trying to get even. I asked three old guys where the best restaurant in town was. They looked at my license and unanimously recommended a modern-looking place across the street. Evidently they send all Americans there. It's probably done a great deal to put Canada's tourist industry in the red. All the time I was there somebody was sweeping under my feet and an air conditioner mussed my hair up as if I'd just seen an editor. The air was full of dust. Three louts sprawled all over the next booth playing Have You Talked to the Man Upstairs? on the juke box. It was so loud it made my cold tea shimmy across the table. The man not in the kitchen put two thick pieces of cold tasteless cheese (I don't know where he could possibly get cheese that bad in Canada) between two hot pieces of toast and rang the bell for another grilled cheese sandwich. I didn't feel like talking to him. I just left.

I went into one brand new restaurant on a brand new highway, one of the best I've ever driven on. The approach was like driving up to the Taj Mahal. There were rows of flags, every other one a Stars and Stripes. It was a beautiful new building. The door opened and shut by a magic beam. I settled down expecting at last something worthwhile in food. But I knew I wasn't going to get it the minute I noticed that one of the waitresses had her apron covered with catsup (at eight in the morning) and I was in for no surprises. The same old flavorless stuff by the same flavorless cook.

Mackerel Must Be Fresh

In a highway restaurant just outside Montreal, a city that offers the best pea soup in the world, I was served something that must have been piped from Toronto. I didn't get to the Maritimes, but Ian Sclanders, a Maclean's editor who was raised there, reports that the farther east you go the worse things get. In the Maritimes he rediscovered it's almost impossible even in Saint John and Halifax to find a restaurant that serves fresh clams! They serve canned clams which are no good fried, can't be steamed and served on the half shell and which even make an inferior chowder. The fresh clams are shipped to New England and New York.

He reports the same goes for lobsters, and tells of entertaining friends on Prince Edward Island trying to get fresh lobsters and being unable to find a single restaurant that served them twenty-five miles from where lobsters were being pulled in by the ton and shipped off to the U.S. Where you do find lobsters in the Maritimes, he says, half a dozen miles from where the fishermen are selling them for thirty-five cents a pound, the restaurant often charges $2.50 to $3.50 apiece for them although they're among the easiest things in the world to prepare.

Mackerel, a wonderfully edible fish when fresh from the water but unfit for anything much when not fresh, is nearly always served frozen by Maritimes chefs. The same goes for sole, halibut, salmon, haddock and cod.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island are the two leading potato growing provinces of Canada, yet Sclanders reports that you don't get decent potatoes in the average restaurant in either province. Baked potatoes such as those carefully scrubbed numbers Mother Martin sells in Montreal with a little sticker on them explaining that the skin is good to eat and clean enough for eating, are nearly impossible to find.

Soup, peas and beans in the Maritimes nearly all come out of cans. Maritimes roast beef is often cooked until it's an unappetizing shade of grey. American visitors who come there expecting to feast on the food of the country are always disappointed. Lamb fattened on seaside hay is delicious but hard to buy in a Maritimes restaurant. New Brunswick has a wonderful green called fiddleheads, which is the curled-up frond of a certain bracken fern but you can't buy them in New Brunswick restaurants. Mushrooms from the salt marshes of the Maritimes are among the best in the world but when mushrooms are served in the Maritimes they have come from Ontario, generally in cans.

Things are evidently as bad on the Pacific coast. McKenzie Porter, Maclean's Pacific coast editor, writes: "In Vancouver there is a great variety of odd little corner stores where tempting delicacies can be bought. Some of them sell nothing but imported goodies. Small bakeries sell an appetizing range of cakes, pies and loaves. Scores of delicatessens run mostly by Europeans from the Baltic States would make any gourmet's mouth water. Yet amid all this order any of the routine restaurant meals and out comes the inevitable dish of eleven dill pickles, celery and sliced tomatoes followed by a meal of appalling greasiness and uniformity. It's the same in Victoria and anywhere in B.C. Many restaurants need a coat of paint. Equipment is often old-fashioned and dirty and floors littered. Put your elbows on the table just once and your bad manners are proclaimed to the world in two neat rear lights of chili chutney.

"B.C. liquor laws are designed to scare off tourists. Vancouver liquor stores are so coy about their goods that the average tourist gets the impression he's dealing in a black market. None display price lists. If you ask the clerk he mutters the names of a few brands. You make your choice. He takes the bottle out from under the counter. If you persist the clerk will hand over a tattered price list and let you take a peep. Then he slips it back in his pocket with the air of a man who's shown you a dirty post card.

"Vancouver has more hotels and more hotel rooms than any other city in Canada. It has sixty-eight year-round hotels against fifty-four in Winnipeg, forty-six in Montreal and forty in Toronto. Yet when my wife and I first came to Vancouver we had to take a small sitting room with a sagging Murphy bed, no telephone, a small old-fashioned bathroom, a scruffy kitchen and a narrow hall with a cot. It cost us thirteen dollars a day.

"Dominion Bureau of Statistics figures for 1953-54 show that hotels took fifty-one percent of their revenue from beer sales and only twenty-five percent from room rentals. In the average hotel in B.C. proprietors are concerned only with selling beer. They rent rooms only to comply with the conditions of their license.

"Americans flock to B.C.'s majestic

MACLEAN'S CELEBRATES

The Alberta-Saskatchewan Golden Jubilee

This year Alberta and Saskatchewan celebrate their 50th anniversary as provinces. To mark this occasion, Maclean's Magazine devotes the entire June 25 issue to these two great prairie provinces with specially written articles, stories, paintings and rare photographs.

Here are some of the exclusive features which tell the story of Alberta and Saskatchewan in words and pictures from the time of the first settling of the West to today — with revealing glimpses of the future.

- 7 pages of full color oil paintings by Franklin Arbuckle plus a special cover by Mr. Arbuckle
- 8 page album of rare photographs
- An informal portrait of the two provinces by Maclean's Editor Ralph Allen, who grew up in the west.
- "The Prairies' Political Preachers" — a penetrating assessment of the Premiers of Alberta and Saskatchewan by Blair Fraser
- "How the Prairies Were Made" — a fascinating scientific story told by Fred Bodsworth with 4 page-size paintings of pre-historic times by Bruce Johnson
- "What would the West be like without the Gopher?"
- "How the Calgary Stampede is built up" — a lively piece about a world famous event by Robert Collins
- A specially written Jake and the Kid story by the beloved prairie writer, W. O. Mitchell

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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO LABATT'S

"Some roads are the biggest threat to a stranger since redmen quit the war path"

Cariboo country and Vancouver Island every year but most of them go home with upset stomachs and memories of sagging beds. Last summer a neighbor of mine, motoring with his wife and two small daughters in the Cariboo, had to take a one-room cottage with four single cots in it. He was told that if he wanted heat he must light the stove. He was shown where he could collect his own fuel from a woodpile.

I stayed in one hotel at Duncan for a few days recently and one day my bed had not been made up at two in the afternoon. At night the landlord and his friends roistered in a room just above mine. The heat came from a single pipe that passed vertically through the room and the room was stifling. There was no way of regulating the heat. The dining room was closed because business was slack. It was impossible to get even a cup of coffee. But there was plenty of serving in the beverage room.

The comments of Maclean's prairies editor Robert Collins on the midwest make this part of the country no more desirable to the American tourist:

'Saskatchewan and Alberta are celebrating their Golden Jubilee this year but from the tourist standpoint the prairies haven't made much headway since 1905.

'A tourist with an AAA guide can now find a recommended restaurant in all the major cities but he can count these places off on his fingers. There aren't many local delicacies. Alberta's beef raised on that short thick prairie grass is probably the best in the country. It's almost impossible to ruin an Alberta steak. But it can be done and the local restaurants manage to do it. In Winnipeg there's a famous fish called the goldeye but the average Manitoba eatery thinks the Winnipeg goldeye is a dirty look. It's a delicacy in any spot except Manitoba. On the main Manitoba highways you usually have to settle for a hot dog, hamburger or sandwich or a bowl of ready-mixed soup from a can at a combination gas station, comfort station, restaurant and grocery joint.

'Saskatchewan's roads are the biggest threat to strangers since we made peace with the Indians. Very few of the main highways are paved. I'll never forget what happened on my honeymoon three years ago mainly because it involved a motor trip from Morse, Sask., to Medicine Hat, Alta.—193 miles of No. 1 (Trans-Canada) Highway and an easy five-hour drive in any other country. At one a.m.—nine hours and 140 miles of gravel later—we reached the Hat and celebrated with a tough steak. The only available hotel room had no ventilation or bathtub. We stayed anyway and the next day patched up our marriage and the right front spring.

'One hundred miles of this obstacle course between Swift Current, Sask., and the Alberta border is still gravel and potholes although Saskatchewan is threatening to pave it for jubilee year.'

After two months in Canada as a tourist my conclusions are these:

(a) Highway restaurants and small-town restaurants need severe jerking up.

(b) Motels, which are doing a much better job than the restaurants, still need to offer more extras and services, and Canada needs plenty more of them.

(c) The whole thing needs selling.

Florida is not the United States, but it is part of it that compares perhaps better than any other with the side of Canada that American tourists come to see. When you drive over the state line it's like driving through the pearly gates. There are big welcome signs and tourist information offices. The last time I drove there I was handed a sheaf of papers an inch thick that started with: "For the Florida Vacation of your dreams, come to the Suez Motel, $2.50 per person to $3.50 per person." It told about Miami's newest and most exciting motels with coffee shops, television, swimming pools and solariums (whatever that is) and gave a big pitch on a thirty-dollar round trip to Nassau. There were eight more sheets ending with one that advertised "Bargain Month Specials."

The Art of Ballyhoo

A lot of Canadians will feel, perhaps rightly, that the razzle-dazzle of Florida and some other parts of the U.S. is cheapjacking and in the long run bad business. But we don't need to accept the abuses of promotion. Advertising can be kept at any level of dignity. After all, even the Bank of Canada lets the people know occasionally that it's there.

There should be more invitations for Americans to enjoy Canadian food—Canadian Cheddar cheese, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, Canadian bacon. But note this is very important—any restaurant doing this should first find a cook.

There should be more tourist attractions: wildlife exhibits, gold mines, pulp mills. Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever seen a sign on the Queen Elizabeth or the Toronto-Montreal highway telling tourists to see the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto and the most complete Chinese collection in the world. These things needn't be ballyhooed. They just need to be mentioned. After all, look at Florida's Marineland, some of its reptile farms, Cypress Gardens, Crystal Springs. There's nothing cheap about these places and nothing gaudy about their adventures, yet they help draw tens of thousands of customers to Florida every year.

Although there are motel organizations in Ontario, B.C. and Alberta there should be a national association called Canadian Courts and it should lay down a lot of rules. Owners of member courts should come out to the cars and not wait for the traveler to come into their offices. They should smile and say "Come back again" when the tourist decides not to take the room. Most operators who I told them that I thought their price was too high turned around and quit speaking to me and went inside. Especially women operators. They should tell the traveler where the next court is and recommend that he try it.

Service stations should cash in on the situation by setting up information booths to tell tourists what's on the highway ahead—what restaurants, motels and service stations—to give advice on routes, provide maps and literature. They should assure travelers of clean washrooms.

In brief, the tourist industry in Canada should show the same spirit that one thin, pale, quick Canadienne showed when she took us into a threadbare, sparsely furnished room. When my wife and I got ready to leave she began to see what she could do for us.

We said that there wasn't enough beds. She said she would bring us a rollaway. We pointed out that there was no desk. She said she would bring one in. As fast as we pointed out things that were missing she brightly hauled and lugged things in. My family had just had a four-alarm fight and I felt like telling this girl that I wasn't satisfied with my wife just to see what would happen. She asked us if we'd care to have supper in the restaurant. She took us into an old-fashioned dining room that leaned to one side and sat us at a table gaily set with white tablecloth and a red wooden lobster. She had glasses of ice water waiting at each place and an old-fashioned radio going. She brought in some homemade soup that was about the best I've ever tasted anywhere in my life. The whole meal was good, the beds comfortable, the heater worked, the rollaway worked, the hot water worked.

This place was homely and primitive, and for an American tourist used to plastic shower partitions and ankle-deep rugs it wouldn't help to sell Canada. But this girl would, and if there were enough like her there would soon be enough accommodation to match her enterprising spirit.

As it was, it seemed to work out to Canada's advantage. Next morning I spoke to a California family outside the court. I told them that I was writing an article comparing Canadian and American tourist accommodation. I told them they could talk freely. The woman became enthusiastic right away. She loved Canada and loved being there. The man, who was very quiet, seemed to hesitate. I pressed him again, assuring him of my neutrality, and he said quietly, "Well, Canadian accommodations aren't as good as they are in the States."

With this his wife agreed with him mildly. "I don't know, George," she said. "We've been in some lovely places."

Her husband said quietly, looking toward the court we had both stayed at, "Well, I was comparing this sort of place with, for instance, the court we stayed at in Santa Barbara."

With which the woman gave Canada what I thought was a very back-handed compliment. "I know," she said, "but I'm getting so sick and tired of progress." She bit her lip and looked at me. ★

MACLEAN'S

Giving it the Brush-Off

When the voice on the phone says "I'm a reader of Maclean's" we half expect a blast. One day a few months ago however a caller gave us this cover idea gratis. He had spotted the scene in a display window and he thought "That would make a fine Maclean's cover." We thanked him warmly and sent artist Rex Woods scurrying to the spot. The girl had gone back to her typewriter but luckily one man Woods knew what a girl looked like.

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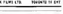

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COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

Mailbag

Fluoridation: Friends and Foes

I was particularly interested in The Bitter Tragic Battle over Fluoridation (April 16). Sarnia was a control city in a nine-year fluoridation survey that also took in Brantford and Stratford where water supplies are either naturally or artificially fluoridated.

In spite of a recommendation by the Lambton County Health Unit that Sarnia's water be fluoridated, the Sarnia City Council has been reluctant to tackle the problem because of possible political effects. The city has been flooded with anti-fluoridation mail.

Many in Sarnia were interested not only in what Sidney Katz' article had to say about fluoridation but in the tremendous influence one small group of uninformed people can have on a population that fails to keep an eye on where it's going. — Charles R. Whipp, vice-president, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Sarnia, Ont.

● Some of us wondered how the public could continue to swallow the incredible nonsense peddled from door to door by the queer nuts. They will be less gullible after reading this keen analysis. — Dr. Gordon Bates, general director, Health League of Canada, Toronto.

● Katz ignores one of the main reasons for opposing fluorine in the water supply—the fact that people hate being *forced* to submit to mass medication. Why should we be forced to have fluoridation when there is even the slightest doubt as to its effect on elderly citizens? ... The best preventive to tooth decay in children lies in the hands of the parents: less candy, popsicles, soft drinks and ice cream. —A. Fraser Reid, Vancouver.

● ... Is it right to induce the whole population to partake of a chemical that is of some benefit to a rather small segment of that population? — C. Thoms, Vancouver.

● How are millions of children being *denied* sodium fluoride? The chemical is available in drugstores all over the country and there is nothing to prevent parents from adding the fluoride to their water. — Mrs. C. Brown, Victoria.

● How many people realize that the deep-well water supply of the Peace River country contains approximately one part per million fluorine by government test? The people of the Peace are remarkably hardy and the younger generation growing up on this water certainly show no ill effects. I have never heard of mottled teeth in this area but I do know a lot of children with excellent teeth. — N. D. McFarlane, Beaverlodge, Alta.

Tears for Harry Lane

I can't find the words to tell you what Morley Callaghan's novel The Man With the Coat (April 16) has done to me. My throat aches with the pain of it and all the joy has gone out of this morning. In its place there is only a terrible sadness that Harry Lane with his goodness, his total innocence and belief in the ultimate triumph of truth no longer walks the streets of Montreal. Sherbrooke Street for me will always be haunted by his ghost looking for a friend to believe in him and finding only Alfred and Annie Laurie. God bless her! — Layla I. Murrison, Montreal.

● Did you really pay $5,000 for The Man With the Coat? Why? I tried hard to get through it, but quit halfway. — R. R. Vincent, North Bay, Ont.

● I found Callaghan's prize-winning novel one of the most enjoyable I have read. Again Canadian authors are proved to be equal to contemporaries in other countries. — Norman R. Pady, [illegible], Ont.

These Proper Longstockings

With regard to McKenzie Porter's article The Last Stronghold of the Longstockings (April 2): my father told me this story. When he first arrived on Vancouver Island he was going one day to Duncan. Being uncertain of the best route he stopped a gentleman who was wearing knee britches, tweed jacket and squashed hat. When addressed this gentleman drew himself up and indignantly said: "Sir! We have not been introduced!" — Mrs. Loreta Casper, Nanaimo, B.C.

What the Vs Achieved

Never have I enjoyed a finer editorial than The Vs Won a Hockey Game But Not the Holy Grail (April 16). Canada has been steering away from the principle of "the game's the thing" and should do more training in sportsmanship. It is pathetic to see grown men rave. Cam when they fail to win. What comfort is there for a loser in this kind of sport? — Ellen Wright, Provost, Alta.

● ... In advocating Canadian withdrawal from world hockey you are displaying a most juvenile and unsportsmanlike attitude. Rather you should exhort us to show the world how to win the world championship in a *sportsmanlike* manner. — R. F. Baycroft, Dawson Creek, B.C.

● Our elected representatives have enough difficulty on the diplomatic front without adding to their troubles with hysteria over hockey. — Walter Harry, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

● Of all the stupid provincial narrow-minded editorials. ... If one member of the team attributed a good deal of credit to God and another one said "This is a great thing for democracy," is this any reason to plaster the whole team and the good name of Canada? — G. H. Carlow, Vancouver.

● I was proud of Maclean's. ... A number of our Canadian newspapers and periodicals called it like children: *Hurrah, hurrah, our team won!* — Miss K. MacDonald, Antigonish, N.S.

● The victory of the Vs boosted the morale of all people in the free world. It was a fitting reply to Russian sports propaganda. I hope Canadians will follow up this victory by sending teams right into Russia. — R. T. Osborne, Cowichan Station, B.C.

● I agree with your remarks. ... However, when you presume to tell God to keep His nose out of hockey ... your imprudence, my dear sir, is only exceeded by your impudence. — M. L. Perry, Mount Forest, Ont.

● The whole business of the hockey tournament and the reporting of it was disgustingly puerile. ... Your magazine put things in the right perspective. — Eric I. Carlson, Le Bret, Sask.

● You are to be congratulated. — Roberta Weiss, Port Credit, Ont.

Who Drinks to Conform?

Congratulations to Robert Thomas Allen for his article I'm Sick of Social Drinking (April 2). It is exactly what

thousands of people in Canada have been waiting for someone to say. Just how many other Canadians has he spoken for: people who are drinking socially against their wishes, yet to conform! Why, oh why, are people so much like sheep? — C. L. Andrews, Pictou, N.S.

The Trek To The West

Allow me to express my appreciation of the article by Marjorie Wilkins Campbell, I Grew Up in Saskatchewan (March 5).

The fiftieth anniversary of Saskatchewan revives the memory of thousands of people who left their homelands and fanned across the western prairies.

From crowded cities, from shops and fields they came
To heed the call, the urge to meet the west.
Their eyes portrayed ambition's fire within
A hope, a home, a challenge and a test.

Though trial and error may have paved the way
And forces sometimes defeat the plans of men
We lift our hats to those who stood the test
As we pay tribute to Saskatchewan.

John Walker, Vancouver

Tilikum's Epic Voyage

I enjoyed reading The Best Ten-Cent Ride in the World (March 5) by McKenzie Porter. However the Captain J. C. Voss mentioned was strictly a Victorian and the epic voyage of the Tilikum was made from Victoria not Vancouver. The little vessel rests to this day in Victoria's Thunderbird Park. —George I. Warren, Victoria. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

could deny that Shawcross was good-looking (he still is), nor could they deny that he had a voice like a cello.

But why was he a socialist? His parents had been sufficiently well endowed with the world's goods to send him to a public school. No doubt David Maxwell Fyfe said to his wife, "My dear, you cannot run British politics on one party." But Sylvia probably had an answer to that.

Now let us leap several years in one jump. It is 1945 and the postwar general election has swept us Tories out of office and installed the Labor Government with a clear majority. And what a majority! We Tories who survived the holocaust were little more than a decimated platoon.

Mr. Attlee formed his government and when the list was complete we discovered that Mr. Hartley Shawcross, KC, who had never previously been an MP, was Attorney-General complete with the knighthood that automatically accompanies the post of attorney-general.

In no time Shawcross had made a deep impression upon the House. His voice had a sort of soothing authority, his manner was one of languid elegance and he had a first-rate brain. But we did not warm to him for he seemed detached from the normal MP. He had the aloofness of a man who walks alone but we respected him for the quality of his mind.

General election 1950! The socialists won, but with only a tiny majority. Shawcross is once more Attorney-General but in a short time is made President of the Board of Trade. He takes the transition perfectly. Obviously a man of outstanding gifts and personality.

General election 1951! Labor was out and we were in—but by a perilously small majority.

It was almost impossible for any of us Tories to carry on any of our normal outside occupations. I resigned as dramatic critic of the London Evening Standard for the simple reason that I could not get out of the House of Commons to attend the first nights at the theatre. Most of us were in that kind of predicament.

A Voice Like a Cello

And what did Master Shawcross do? He calmly returned to private practice at the Bar and proceeded to earn an income of anything from twenty thousand to thirty thousand pounds a year. For weeks at a time we never saw him in the House although he is still an MP. He takes practically no part in the life of parliament.

Forgive me for the length of time I have spent on this portrait but it is an essential background to what happened at the Saints and Sinners dinner.

Shawcross was the first speaker when the food and wine had ministered to our physical comfort. His voice was more like a cello than ever but the music that came from it was not particularly sweet. With icy contempt he attacked Nye Bevan by inference and by direct accusation. He implied that the Bevanites were an irresponsible menace not only to parliament but to the country.

The rest of us who had to make speeches felt that we were merely filling in. Shawcross had deliberately chosen to decry and ridicule one of his own party in the presence of a host of Tories.

When our speeches had come to their inconsequential end the chairman of the dinner did the only possible thing. He said that we had among our guests a lion accustomed to roar and that with the permission of the gathering he would invite the lion to do his stuff.

With much dignity Bevan thanked me for our hospitality. Then, assuming an elaborate courtesy that would not have deceived a Scotland Yard detective, he said: "In the course of his speech Sir Hartley remarked that he would have liked to make a speech on a more political theme. I think I can help Sir Hartley."

Turning directly toward Shawcross he went on: "Why does he not visit the House of Commons sometime? He could make his speech there. That is what the House of Commons is for."

That was only Bevan's beginning. Warming to his task he taunted Shawcross, mocked him, lampooned him and then dismissed him as if he were not worth even contempt. After twenty years in public life I am not easily shocked but I found the whole thing embarrassing. Certainly Shawcross had asked for it but Bevan might have made it a duel instead of a brawl.

Will He Rule the Masses?

To my surprise the gathering was with Bevan although he was behaving like an angry fishwife at Billingsgate. Perhaps the Tories there looked on Shawcross as a renegade who joined the socialists to gain the palm without the dust. Personally I believe him to be a sincere socialist and I see no reason why men from any walk of life should hesitate to join a left-wing movement if they sincerely believe in its philosophy and policy.

When the affair was over a few of us sat down at a small table for a nightcap and a final appraisal of what was happening in the Labor Party. One of our party, a man of fine mind and mature judgment, said: "This has always happened in left-wing movements anywhere and everywhere. The intellectual like Shawcross is attracted to socialism because it appeals to the sentimentalist and the idealist. There is something splendid and even uplifting in the ideal of raising the common people to be equal masters with the bosses.

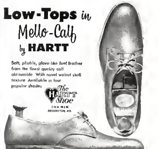
"Eventually the intellectuals sicken of the very thing they believed in. Remember that Sir Oswald Mosley was a rich socialist who eventually became a fascist. Whether Shawcross knows it or not, his speech sounded like that of a neo-fascist.

"Bevan is at least consistent. He advocates the rule of the masses, assuming of course that he will rule the masses. But before we condemn Shawcross too much for his performance tonight let us at least concede that it was a brave speech even if it was embarrassing to his audience. The story of socialism never alters. It begins with goodwill to men and ends up in some form of autocracy with anything but goodwill in its heart toward anyone."

That ends my story of the strange dinner that took place in the heart of London's West End. As we entered the banquet hall each of us had to choose a white or red carnation indicating whether we were saint or sinner. Bevan at least chose the flower of sin.

Yet I believe that what we saw that night was more significant than a mere brawl between two left-wing leaders. Unless I am hopelessly wrong in my deductions the Labor Party will be badly defeated in the general election which is underway as you read these lines.

If I needed any reassurance on that point the dinner of the Saints and Sinners gave it to me that night. ★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BACH
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor

DUKAS
Sorcerer's Apprentice

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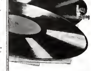

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If HAVING the right wife has any thing to do with success there is a young lecturer at the University of Western Ontario in London who's bound to become president eventually. When he invited several important faculty members home for dinner his wife responded nobly by serving roast chicken done to perfection. Then the host made a nervous lunge at the bird with his carving knife and sent it sailing onto the floor. There was a horrified gasp from everyone except the pretty young wife who announced calmly, "It's quite all right, we'll just eat the other one." Scooping up the fallen bird she reappeared from the kitchen a moment later bearing a mouth watering chicken on a different platter. But whether it was actually a different bird or not the visitors were too lost in admiration for her superb aplomb even to wonder.

• • •

There's a hard working shoe-repair man in North Battleford, Sask., who has never been able to save much but for twenty years he's been investing in raffle tickets of every description. He knew they'd have to pay off some time, and they finally did. If he takes this credit card he won to a certain place in Saskatoon he can have his shoes repaired free.

• • •

Though all you hear about is the subway, Toronto still has streetcars. A young man who recently boarded one was about to drop his fare in the box when the motorman conductor said in a loud voice, "Get down on the step!" Obligingly the man backed down a step. "Jump up and down on it!" ordered the conductor and, looking somewhat puzzled, the fellow jumped up and down.

At this the other passengers broke into applause and the red faced hero woke up to the fact that the conductor had been shouting at a woman who was trying to get through the treadle-operated exit doors farther back.

The story of a minor municipal tragedy in Little Current, Ont., was writ clear on the pavement for all to see when a Sudbury traveler passed through recently. A set of angle parking stripes had been freshly and neatly painted but beside them was a great ugly blob of white on the sidewalk and beside this had been neatly lettered "Oops!"

• • •

It seems the same Sudbury scout is a regular visitor to Little Current and he has also reported on a personal tragedy he encountered in the northern Ontario town. On a trip early in the winter he had noted that the proprietor of a service station was displaying in his office a small can

and a hand-lettered sign, "Donations for L. Stills' trip to Florida." In the can were a five-cent piece, three pennies and a valve cap. Spring was breaking through the next time he called at the garage to find the can still there and in it a five-cent piece, six pennies, a valve cap and a spark plug gasket. As he looked up from his audit the proprietor gave a sad smile and remarked, "I've decided not to go."

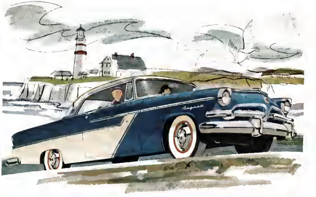
• • •

The trouble with women doing domestic work these days is the willing ones are so hard to find and when you do they're so blamed choosy. A husband and wife in Lethbridge, Alta., who both work, secured the services of a twice-weekly cleaning woman who proved most satisfactory until suddenly she up and quit. Wouldn't give her employers any reason, but later they heard it from a neighbor she'd been chatting with. "This house is just too clean, that's all. There's lots of people with dirty houses who need me worse."

• • •

Following up a classified ad offering a black cocker spaniel for sale a Vancouver citizen telephoned the number supplied. The woman who answered sounded aged and uncertain, particularly when after several preliminary questions the would-be customer asked if the dog was an English or an American cocker. "Well now, I don't know," came the quavery reply. "He was born right here in Vancouver."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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